



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

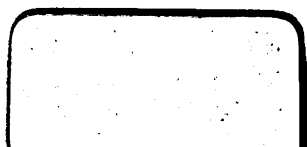
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



21.





100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117



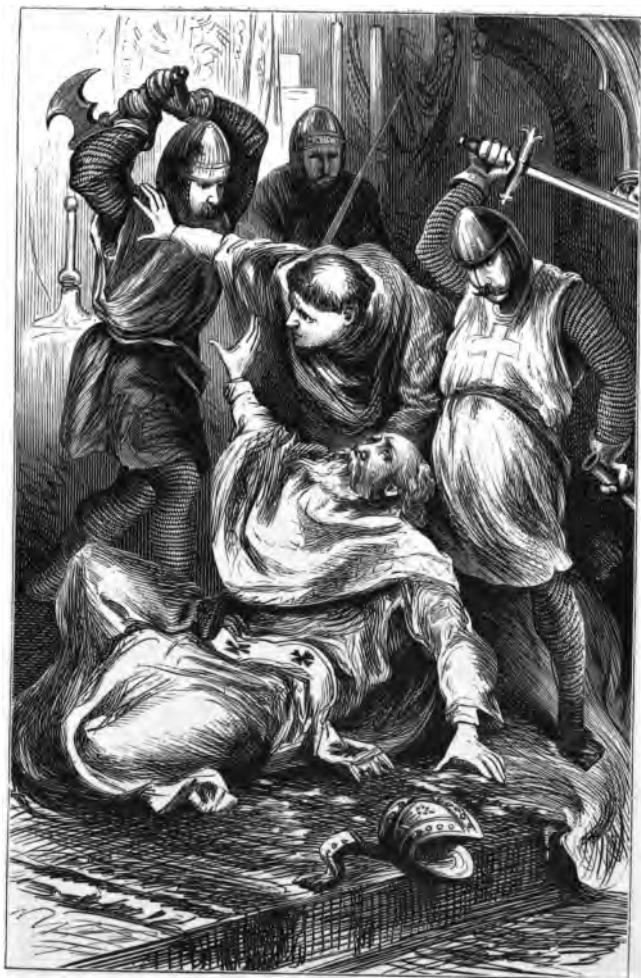


**STORIES**  
**OF THE**  
**CATHEDRAL CITIES OF ENGLAND.**



**Ballantyne Press**  
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON





CANTERBURY.  
(MURDER OF THOMAS-A-BECKET).

STORIES  
OF THE  
CATHEDRAL CITIES OF  
ENGLAND.



BY EMMA MARSHALL,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE'S AFTERMATH," "A HISTORY OF FRANCE,"  
"STELLAFONT ABBEY," ETC.

"Nothing against Time's scythe can make defence."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Calm is it in the dim cathedral cloister,  
Where lie the dead all couched in marble rare,  
Where the shades thicken, and the breath hangs moister,  
Than in the sunlit air.

"Where the chance ray that makes the carved stone whiter,  
Tints with a crimson or a violet light  
Some pale old Bishop with his staff and mitre,  
Some stiff crusading Knight."

MRS. ALEXANDER.

LONDON:  
JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

MDCCLXXIX.

*Gough Addl. Eccles. Top:  
8.21.*



TO  
MY NIECE,  
*MARY CONSTANCE GELDART,*  
IN LOVING MEMORY  
OF  
*Her Mother,*  
FROM WHOSE MANUSCRIPT I HAVE RE-WRITTEN  
AND ARRANGED THESE  
*STORIES OF THE CATHEDRAL CITIES OF*  
*ENGLAND.*



## INTRODUCTION.

---

HIGH above the stream of busy life in the nineteenth century, rise the grey towers and spires of our English Cathedrals. Generations of men come and go ; and these spires and towers look down on many changes.

Railways are cut in every possible direction,—the whistle of the engine breaks the stillness of many a secluded town, and throngs of visitors every summer pause on journeys of business and pleasure, to make their way through irregular streets and narrow lanes leading from the station, to stop at last before the Cathedral with its grand west front or richly carved north porch, and exclaim that it is grander and



finer, or smaller and less worthy of notice, than some others they have seen, as the case may be! Some of the party consult the guide-book; others discourse learnedly on early English, Gothic, and Norman order of architecture. Some wander down the nave, impressed, it may be, with its width and height, and pause before the tomb of a Red Cross Knight or recumbent bishop, whose body lies beneath the rigid stone effigy on a cumbrous stone monument.

But how few of the young find the charm of association present in the Cathedrals themselves, or in the cities which surround them. How many carry away with them no very distinct idea about them. The musical service, the coloured light thrown on the pavement of the nave, a richly carved reredos, a dead king's shrine,—these may remain with a hazy kind of interest, but, as a rule, there is no attempt vividly to realise the Past in connection with the church itself or the town lying round it. And yet every stone may have a voice for us,—

every turn an historical interest,—every quaint old gable and narrow street may tell its tale of other days.

These stories of the Cathedral cities are gathered from reliable sources, in the hope that they may kindle the interest of association and historical memories in the great relics of a time gone by.

There is nothing new or wonderful in these stories,—nothing which is not familiar to older students, and I promise my young readers that there will be no dissertations on architecture to weary them, and no minute description of the buildings themselves. In after years these subjects can be followed out, and all the beauty and significance of the pointed arch, with its heavenward spring, unfolded,—which spanned the pillars of the old Greek Temple, when, as a great living author says—

“Christian worship claimed it for her own.”

With the stories of the Cathedral I have

interwoven, some of the city itself, which may help us to realise the days of old, when our forefathers passed under the north and west porches from a very different world to that which we see round us to-day! Different in outward things indeed, but with the same hopes and fears, the same joys and sorrows, and the same mysteries in the life of man on earth.

For youth and age, love and hope, sorrow and joy, and the great bond of domestic ties, were the same in those early times as they are now.

Faith and love brought forth then, as now, fruits by which all men should know the children of the Lord.

Then, as now, there were true worshippers in the temples of praise; then, as now, there were those who served God with their lips while their hearts were far from Him. But when we give thanks for those who have departed in God's faith and fear, when we pray to have grace given us to follow their good example, we

may surely count amongst them many who have knelt beneath the roof of our grand old Cathedrals and Churches; and whose prayers went up from the very place where, day by day, is sung that matchless hymn of universal thanksgiving—

“ All the earth doth worship Thee,  
The Father everlasting.”

GLOUCESTER, 1879.



## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
CANTERBURY . . . . .	I
YORK . . . . .	65
LONDON . . . . .	99
WESTMINSTER . . . . .	170
WINCHESTER . . . . .	219
DURHAM . . . . .	253
CARLISLE . . . . .	289
CHESTER . . . . .	313




STORIES  
OF THE  
CATHEDRAL CITIES OF ENGLAND.

---

*CANTERBURY.*

*Founded 604.*

GREGORY—S. AUGUSTINE—THOMAS À BECKET—THE SHRINE  
—PILGRIMS TO THE SHRINE—ERASMUS—DESTRUCTION  
OF RELICS.

ANTERBURY, as the earliest See of an Archbishop in this country, has a foremost place amongst the cities of England. It abounds with historical interest, though I can well imagine many excursionists return from a day spent there disappointed with the city, and thinking that the only thing worth seeing is the cathedral itself. Indeed, the aspect of the streets and houses is not particularly cheerful or inviting, especially to youthful eyes; but there is no place which is so rich in



stories of the past, connected with almost every corner of its long High Street, and every pinnacle and turret of its unpretending-looking churches.

If we look back to the year 597, we shall find Rome scarcely declining from her world-wide fame.

On the Cælian Mount, conspicuous amongst the Seven Hills, now marked by a crown of dark plummy pines, and rising behind the walls of the Colosseum, stood the great Monastery of St. Andrew. Here lived Gregory, the founder of the Monastery, a man who had early distinguished himself by his learning, and who came of a noble Roman family. He shrank, however, from public life, and returned, while yet a young man, to the religious house on the brow of the Cælian Hill, which he had founded. He was like many another great and wise man, tender of heart and benevolent and kindly. Many stories are told of his deeds of love. At Rome the marble table, where he daily fed twelve beggars, is still to be seen, and even, so says the legend, a thirteenth guest appeared unbidden at Gregory's board,—the angelic visitor of whom the Apostle speaks, "who

cometh unawares! The love of little children was ever remarkable in Gregory; the beautiful chants which bear his name, and which the rosy lips of English children sing now in many a village church, are the very same in which Gregory taught the little ones of his day to sing the praises of God.

To Gregory's loving spirit slavery was hateful. In the beautiful "Memorials of Canterbury," by the Dean of Westminster, Gregory is called—the Wilberforce of his time. He raised his voice against slavery whenever and wherever it was possible; he strove with all his might to force others to see the most miserable evils which this system cannot fail to bring; and he devoted money to purchase the freedom of slaves. With these longings for the liberty of all his fellow-creatures burning in his tender heart, Gregory one day took his memorable walk through the slave-market of Rome. A large cargo of men and women, boys and girls, had just arrived from distant countries. There they stood—sable Africans, dark-eyed Greeks, and swarthy

Egyptians. But to-day it was on one group more especially that those kindly eyes rested,—on three boys with fair golden hair, blue eyes, and transparent skin (so historians describe them in glowing terms). Three boys of gentle and noble mien stood quietly, yet sorrowfully, to await their purchaser. This is a story familiar to us all from early childhood: the question of Gregory — “Are these boys Pagans?” his deep sigh as the reply in the affirmative was given. “Alas!” he said, “that faces so full of light and brightness should be in the hands of the Prince of Darkness! Rightly are they called Angles,” he continued, when told whence the three boys came; “they have the faces of angels; they ought to be fellow-heirs with the company in heaven.” Further, Johannes Dracentius, from whom this narrative is taken, says—When Gregory heard that the children came from Deira, the land of wild beasts and deer (lying between the Tyne and the Humber), he said, “Rightly, again, are they called Deirans” (*de ira Dei*), “plucked from God’s wrath;” and lastly, when

told their king's name was Ella, he answered—"Alleluia shall soon be sung in those lands." With a heart overflowing with pity for these fair-haired slaves, Gregory went at once to the Pope and craved leave to go to Britain and preach to the heathen there, in the land whence these children came. Permission was granted, and soon after Gregory set forth with a few monks, and left the city of Rome secretly, bending his steps towards the Alps. When they halted at noon in a meadow, the story goes that a locust leaped upon Gregory's book, and sat motionless on the page. According to his custom of playing upon words, and making fanciful interpretations of common events, he quietly observed—"Rightly is this insect called *Locust*; it seems to say to me, *Loco sta*, 'Stay in your place.' We shall not finish our journey; but rise, let us get as far as we can." Even as he spoke messengers galloped up with orders for his immediate return with his followers, as an indignant mob had demanded of the Pope that he should recall the Monk of St. Andrews.

Years passed away; the monk himself became

head of the Holy See, and proved that his schemes of benevolence and anxiety for the conversion of the countrymen of the blue-eyed boys was not a mere fancy of the moment. From the old convent on the Cælian Hill, Gregory sent forth Augustine and a band of forty monks to carry out the missionary enterprise he had planned so long before. It seemed a formidable undertaking in those days for the Italians to reach the distant shores of Britain. Indeed, the little band became disheartened by the difficulties of the way, and Augustine was entreated to return to Rome and represent to Gregory the length of the journey, the savage customs of the Saxons, and the missionaries' ignorance of the language of the people to whom they were sent. It was all in vain. Pope Gregory was firm, and his order uncompromising, that the monks were to go forward. With Augustine at their head, the band therefore pressed onwards, and landed at last on the shores of England, having been furnished with letters on the way to the King and Queen of the Franks, and courteous requests that the travellers might be provided with necessaries on their route,

and so get safely on the remainder of their journey. Ebbes Fleet is thought to be the point where the Roman missionaries landed, the word Fleet meaning in the Saxon, *Port*. Ebbes Fleet is still the name of a farmhouse on a strip of ground rising out of Minster Marsh, and the broad green fields which now smile with verdure in that neighbourhood were then the waters of the salt sea. Here, at Ebbes Fleet, Augustine resolved to remain till he should know the mind of the king; who, though himself a Pagan, had married Bertha, the daughter of a Christian king, to whom he permitted the free exercise of her religion and the use of a small church in the suburbs of Canterbury. Queen Bertha had her chaplain with her in her husband's country, Leudhard, a French bishop; and in this little chapel, in the east of the city, the Christian queen, in the Pagan land, prayed to the true God and His dear Son. The Church of St. Martin stands on the very spot, probably dedicated to St. Martin of Tours at the queen's desire. Standing in this place at the present day, is it not pleasant to think of the joy which thrilled through Bertha's

heart when she heard of the landing of Augustine? Can we not fancy how earnestly she pleaded with her husband to receive the missionaries kindly, and to listen to their voice? But Ethelbert did not respond to his queen's desire at once; he did not grant immediate permission for the monks to come as far as Canterbury, but commanded them to remain in Thanet, with the Stour flowing between him and them, till he had had time for consideration.

At last a meeting was arranged, and the place was to be at Ebbes Fleet, in the Isle of Thanet, or under an oak-tree in its very centre. Here the king was seated with his soldiers around him, when the missionary band, chanting their litanies, approached. A large silver cross was borne before Augustine, who was a very tall man, and a head and shoulders above any of his companions. Laurence, who after Augustine's death was Archbishop of Canterbury, and Peter, Abbot of St. Augustine's Priory, were among the company. The conversation was carried on through the medium of the French priest. The meeting was friendly,

and though Ethelbert refused to adopt the new religion himself, he provided the strangers with the means of support, and promised them that no hindrance should be put in the way of their spreading their opinions.

From Thanet the missionary band then proceeded to Richborough, and travelled to Canterbury along the Vale of Stour. A rude wooden city it was which met their eyes, most unlike their own Rome, with its lofty temples, its marble statues, and wide and well-formed streets! And what a strange sight it must have been to the inhabitants of ancient Canterbury, as the monks, in their new and foreign dress, the silver cross glittering in the light before them, streamed down the road, while the dark-eyed choristers, from Gregory's school in the Cælian Hill, sang as they came the words their master himself had introduced during the prevalence of the plague, "We beseech Thee, O Lord, for Thy mercy's sake, that Thy wrath may be removed from this city, and from Thy holy house. Alleluia!" Near the present church of St. Alphege, then an old heathen temple, the



missionary band took up their abode for a time, till Ethelbert, seeing that their lives and conduct were modest and inoffensive, at length consented to allow them to worship openly with the queen in St. Martin's. Surely Bertha's heart must have thrilled with joy now, and still more so, on Whitsunday, June 2, 597, when the king, her husband, was baptized into the Christian faith, and soon after when an old heathen temple was, at his desire, dedicated to the service of the religion of Jesus Christ. For Gregory's wise advice was ever that the old fabrics should not be ruthlessly demolished, but that, purged from their idols, and washed with holy water, they should serve for the worship of the true God. Undoubtedly, Augustine was not free from human imperfection, but his life and practice during the early part of his history at Canterbury were exemplary. The king followed in his steps, and when he was himself converted, far from forcing his people, as too many of his successors did, to profess themselves Christians, he compelled no one to do so. "For he had learned from his instructor in the way of salvation," says

the Venerable Bede, "that the religion of Jesus Christ was to make its way by persuasion, and not by compulsion." Happy would it have been had the Church of Rome, in after years, followed the example of these earlier professors of Christianity in Britain. Augustine's wonderful success as a missionary may, under God's blessing, be justly attributed to his unostentatious and modest behaviour, in going about preaching on foot, with no rich trappings or symbols of state, and speaking to the people with such power, that it is said the monks baptized 10,000 converts one Christmas-day.

Gregory rejoiced greatly in the success which attended Augustine's mission. By his order Augustine went over to Arles in France, where he was consecrated Archbishop and Metropolitan of the English nation. As soon as he was settled in his office, Ethelbert determined to give him a dwelling-place and church actually within the walls of Canterbury. For this purpose the king made for himself a new palace out of a Roman fortress, and gave up his former residence to the Archbishop.

The actual building of the Cathedral began at this time, but of this nothing now remains. The chair, which some have asserted to be the veritable chair of Augustine, cannot really be the one on which he sat ; for the old throne was of one solid block of marble, and that which exists now is formed of three different pieces.

The church which was begun under Augustine's archiepiscopate was called Christ Church, and was said in many respects to have resembled that of St. Peter's at Rome, the altar being at the west end, and a crypt formed beneath it, in imitation of the catacomb where the bones of the apostles were found. The principal entrance was at the south, as had been the case in the ruined British church which Augustine first received from King Ethelbert. A Monastery was built outside the city walls, where the clergy resorted for study and devotional exercises ; and here, according to the custom of his own country, the great missionary Archbishop was buried in the year 604 or 605.

The Kent and Canterbury Hospital now oc-

cupies the ground where his body was then laid. But eight or nine years later, in 613, the bones of Augustine were removed to the Abbey Church, on the site of which a noble building was raised, and fragments of Ethelbert's tower still remain as a relic of olden splendour. But yet once again, in the twelfth century, the body of Augustine was disinterred, and placed with those of six other Archbishops in the porch of the great church.

No visitor to this city, young or old, can fail to be struck by the exterior of the cathedral, standing pleasantly in an extensive close surrounded by gardens, the deanery and houses of the prebendaries, the remains of the Archbishop's palace, and other buildings connected with the church. The cathedral is built in the form of a cross, the choir is of great length, nearly 200 feet, and the centre tower, 235 feet in height, is considered one of the finest specimens of pointed architecture in this country.

Many accidents befel Canterbury Cathedral before the Conquest; but in the reign of Henry

II. it appears to have been restored to its grandeur, and to have ranked high amongst the cathedral churches of England.

In the reign, too, of Henry II., rises up the tall, commanding figure of a man, whose memory in life and in his violent death will ever haunt the aisles and towers of Canterbury Cathedral.

The story of Thomas à Becket has been told many times, and of late years by a master hand with thrilling power.\* In its leading features it is, I doubt not, familiar to the youngest of my readers; but it is a tale so full of interest, of instruction, and warning, that it may bear repetition in simple language in these pages, designed as they are for youthful eyes, and for those who may not have many books at their command, or have failed to realise the story as so closely connected with the Canterbury of to-day.

Fitzstephen, the secretary and devoted admirer of Thomas à Becket, gives in full the romantic

---

\* The Dean of Westminster, "Memorials of Canterbury."

history of the birth of the future primate of England, which is, doubtless, truth mixed with legendary lore. A citizen of London, named Gilbert Becket, in his youth, went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and was accompanied by his servant Richard. They were both taken prisoners on the way by Amurath, a Pagan chief. After a tedious confinement of eighteen months young Gilbert found favour with his master, and was allowed to wait on the guests assembled at his table, where he was encouraged to talk, and, doubtless, tell histories of the land whence he came, of the faith of the Christians, and their worship of the true God and His Son Jesus Christ.

The beautiful daughter of Amurath listened with deep interest, and was so fascinated by her father's young prisoner, that she offered (so the story goes) to embrace his religion if only he would let her be his wife. Gilbert, however, was not inclined to comply with this strange request, and after a time he and his servant Richard managed to gain their freedom, and departed

secretly, leaving the Pagan maiden disconsolate. Gilbert, no doubt, soon forgot, in the joy of returning to his own country, the trials of his imprisonment in the house of Amurath, and forgot, too, the poor untaught girl who had been so anxious to leave home and kindred for him. But one day his servant Richard came to him with the wonderful news that in a beautiful Eastern maiden, who was wandering about the streets of London in a strange dress, repeating the two words, *Gilbert, London*, he had recognised Matilda, the daughter of Amurath! Whether Gilbert was pleased or not to hear of this arrival, he acted wisely and well; he gave Richard directions to take Matilda to a widow lady's house close by, whilst he went to consult the Bishop of London and several other prelates as to what he should do. The Bishop, in the first place, ordered the girl to be baptized, and after due instructions she was led to the baptistery of St. Paul's, where she received the rite of holy baptism, and was married to Gilbert Becket.

Very soon after their union, Gilbert declared

he must go to the Holy Land and fulfil his pilgrim vow. The young bride dutifully, though sorrowfully, submitted to this decree; and, under the faithful care of the trustworthy Richard, she spent three solitary years, which were, however, brightened by the birth of her son, afterwards the celebrated Archbishop.

Thus far the tale told by Fitzstephen is doubtful; but proofs exist that the mother of Thomas à Becket was a good and devoted Christian, and gave herself up to the care of her boy's infancy. The boy is described in childhood as modest and agreeable in speech, and in person tall and elegant; easily led by good example, and gifted with a marvellous memory. Very early Becket's mother seems to have instilled into her son's mind the duty of almsgiving and charity to the poor. The way in which she connected him with deeds of benevolence was, however, singular and original. She weighed him at different times, and put in the opposite scale bread, meat, and clothing in like proportions for distribution to the poor and needy!



Thomas lost his good mother when he was twenty-one years old. His father suffered reverses of fortune, and he was sent to a religious house to lead the common school life of those days.

The Canon of Merton College was a godly man of high character, and the religious seminary over which he presided was in great repute. There is a story told that Gilbert one day went to see his son at Merton, and fell down at his feet and saluted him. The Prior sharply reproved him, saying, "What are you about, you foolish old man? Your son should fall at your feet, rather than you at his." But Gilbert is said to have replied pointedly, "I know what I am doing: I believe that boy will one day be great in the eyes of the Lord."

Time went on. Becket studied at Paris, and on his return took part in the affairs of the city of London, as clerk and accountant to the sheriff. His conduct was good at this time, and he acquired considerable knowledge of life, although still deficient in scholastic learning. But some friends of his father, who lodged under the same roof, were anxious to promote young Becket's

advancement. One of these was Archdeacon Baldwin, the other Master Eustace of Boulogne, who introduced him to the then Archbishop of Canterbury. The households of archbishops' palaces, as well as those of barons' castles, were at this period conducted on a scale of great magnificence. At the court of Theobald, then,—where Becket first found himself in 1117—he saw many learned men of the day; indeed, the archiepiscopal palace was in some respects a school where young men, fortunate enough to obtain a good introduction there, could pursue any study calculated to advance them in the profession of arms or religion. The Archbishop was apparently interested in Becket, and sent him after a time to Boulogne for the purpose of close study. Of this opportunity he availed himself with delight, and on his return to London was ordained Deacon, and afterwards received valuable preferment from his patron. When thirty-two years of age he was appointed to carry on a negotiation at Rome, and was so successful that he induced the Pope to forbid the crowning of Prince

Eustace, King Stephen's son, and thus secured the favour of the Empress Matilda and the future king.

On Henry's accession honours came thickly upon Becket. He rose to the dignity of Lord Chancellor, and was appointed tutor of the young heir to the crown, and Warden of the Tower of London. Favour upon favour was heaped upon him, and his magnificence was almost regal.

The king did not like business, and gradually left the concerns of his kingdom to the new Chancellor, whom he treated as an equal rather than as a subject. One historian says:—"The King and his Prime Minister were wont to play together like two boys, and Henry forgot all kingly dignity, while Becket presumed on it, and forgot the respect due to his sovereign. An example of this is the well-known story of the contest between the Chancellor and the King for the scarlet and ermine cloak which Becket desired Henry to bestow on a beggar. And I believe there never was an instance in the records of the past, or in the history of the present, where forgetfulness of the

proper distinctions of rank and respectful demeanour towards those whom God has appointed to rule—not only in kingdoms, not only in high places in the Church, but in lower stations of life, has not brought about results which show that it is dangerous to depart from the rule so clearly defined by the highest authority—"Honour to whom honour is due—fear to whom fear." Becket's story and its sad sequel may well sound a warning in this matter to us in the nineteenth century, when the spirit is rife which would set at nought respect and obedience, and acknowledgment of superiority in attainment, or in social position, as old-fashioned and obsolete. And let the young remember that respectful courtesy and deference to those set over us is as far removed from servility and fawning as a free, generous nature is removed from a mean and contracted one. "To order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters" is as safe a rule for us now as it was for our forefathers centuries ago.

During the seven years of Becket's ministry his grandeur and prosperity knew little abate-

ment. The descriptions of his magnificence show the half-barbarous habits of the times, together with the taste for display and ornament. While the Chancellor's house was a palace, stocked with gold and silver vessels, and crowded with guests of every rank and country, we find on the floors only the layer of clean straw in winter, and in summer the green rushes strewing the ground, where the gaily-dressed knights often reclined, when the number of benches proved insufficient for their accommodation. From many sources we gather that Becket was not a happy man, even in the midst of his prosperity. A sense of sin and self-pleasing seems to have oppressed him at times, and very often he did penance by baring his back to the sharp strokes of the scourge. For a deacon in holy orders to become so secular in his style of living and in his profession appears strange to us now, but in those times persons were generally selected from the Church to fill high offices in the state. The reason of this was, doubtless, the ignorance of the

laity, and the fact that the education of the higher classes was confined to reading, writing, and martial exercise. Many a lord of a fine baronial castle could scarcely sign his name, or spell out a passage from a book, and thus was in these matters far behind the attainment of children in the village schools of the present day!

In 1160 Becket was sent to France to negotiate a marriage between Prince Henry and Margaret, daughter of the French king. His journey through Normandy to the court was one of great display and grandeur, and like a royal progress. The embassy was successful, and Becket now stood at the height of his popularity. And we cannot doubt that Henry owed him a debt of gratitude for many services, for his good advice brought about many of the beneficial changes which mark the early part of this reign. The power of the barons was curbed, judges were better appointed, and trade was more encouraged; but his movements in these matters most naturally made him enemies and excited suspicion. His most unpopular act was that of insisting that the Bishops and Abbots

should pay their share towards a war then in progress, which made the Bishop of Hereford (Gilbert Talbot) say that the Chancellor was plunging his sword into the very bosom of the Church. But this act, generally disliked as it was, served, with several others of a like nature, as an inducement to the king his master for the next mark of favour bestowed on his favourite. In 1161, after a year had elapsed since the death of Becket's early patron Theobald, he found himself seated in the Archbishop's chair at Canterbury. And now a great change passed over Thomas à Becket. The soldier, the pleasure-seeker, the courtier, and the statesman disappeared—the gay Chancellor became a rigid monk! Greatly to the king's displeasure and against his entreaties he resigned the office of Chancellor, and completely altered his style of living. His choice cook was discharged, he ate only the coarsest bread, and drank water made bitter with herbs. He began to found hospitals, to build pest-houses, and give great alms to the poor; and the name of Becket was soon revered

as much as that of any saint in the calendar. The king soon discovered his mistake. The Chancellor and the Archbishop were indeed men of a different spirit; Becket was eager for Church aggrandisement, and scarcely two years after his installation his voice was loudly raised against the usurpation by king and laity of the rights and property of the Church. From Henry himself he demanded the valuable castle of Rochester, which he declared was his as Archbishop, and excommunicated a certain William de Eynsford, a military tenant of the Crown, for forcibly ejecting a priest whom he had appointed. The king remonstrated, and Becket haughtily replied it was not for him to dictate in matters of absolution and excommunication, which belonged to the Church alone. And now the contest between the king and the subject, between the Crown and the Church, grew hot and fierce. Becket refused to entertain the project of subjecting the clergy to the authority of the law for murder or other crimes, and insisted that by the Church alone should her priests be judged. At first all the prelates, except the Bishop



of Chichester, upheld Becket, but by degrees they deserted him, and the Archbishop was cited to appear before a council assembled at Northampton, to answer a charge of treason and contempt of his sovereign, Lord Henry. The result was that he was fined £500, and required to give an account of all the moneys from vacant abbeys and bishoprics during his seven years' chancellorship, when the sum due to the Crown was set down at 44,000 marks! Becket's heart failed him now; all the bishops had turned against him, and his health gave way under the trial. On his sickbed he thought, it is said, of going barefoot to the king, and, reminding him of their old and dear friendship, appeal to his pity and kindness. Henry loved Becket still, and the appeal, had it been made, would probably not have been made in vain. But with returning health the Archbishop's pride asserted itself. On the morning of the 18th October 1164 he celebrated mass, and then set out on horseback for court, arrayed in his pontifical robes, the archiepiscopal cross in his right hand. When he dismounted at the palace,

one of his attendants would have borne the cross before him in the usual manner, but the Archbishop refused. "It is most reason," said he, "that I should bear the cross myself, that under the defence thereof I may remain in safety." The Archbishop of York, an old foe of Becket's, is said to have remarked, "You defy the king by coming thus to court; remember he has a sword which is sharper than your pastoral staff." As soon as the king saw Becket, he arose, and, followed by bishops and barons, left the Primate standing alone in the guest-hall with but a few poor clerks or inferior clergy with him. Becket preserved his composure, and seating himself on a bench, holding the cross erect, he calmly waited the result. He did not wait long. The Archbishop of York, perfectly aghast at the fury of the king, entered the guest-hall in great excitement, and implored Becket to seek the king's pardon as he had threatened to kill the first person who dared to excuse him. The reply was calm and contemptuous—"Thou fearest? Flee then!" Then came the other bishops in a body, and Hilary

of Chichester, in the name of them all, declared Becket a traitor, and formally renounced their allegiance to him henceforth. "I hear," was again the quiet reply; and refusing to be judged by the bishops, Becket passed proudly through the crowd towards the door of the hall. Some courtiers threw straw and rushes at the retreating figure, which called forth a few hasty words as he mounted his horse, to the effect that, were it not for his holy calling he would answer the cowards with his sword. He then returned to his lodging, and at dead of night a figure in the cowl of a simple monk, calling himself Brother Dearman, with three attendants, stole out of Northampton, and, hiding by day and travelling swiftly at night, arrived at last at the sea-coast, where the embarkation was safely effected; and in fifteen days from leaving Northampton Becket arrived at Gravelines in Flanders. The splendid Abbey of Pontigny in Burgundy was assigned him by the Pope, who reinvested him with the archiepiscopal dignity which he had surrendered into his hands. But such a man as Thomas à Becket was not likely to

rest content with a quiet exile, and he continued to offend King Henry by several of his acts. By the intervention of the Pope and the King of France, Henry was at last persuaded to meet his recusant prelate. Twice the meetings ended in anger; Becket's proud spirit would not bend, and the king would yield nothing to Becket.

In 1170 the sovereign and the Archbishop met for the third time, and a hollow reconciliation was effected, Henry promising to restore all the lands and livings of Canterbury and provide Becket with the means of returning to England. The king certainly failed in the latter clause of the agreement, for the Primate of all England had to borrow money for his journey. He was warned by his friends that danger awaited him on English ground, that an enemy (Ranulf de Broc) was trying to intercept him between Dover and Canterbury. But Becket said that seven years were long enough to be separated from his flock, and he would not stop even were he sure of being cut to pieces on the opposite shore. On the first of December he landed at Sandwich, and sailors,

peasants, and working-people all flocked to bid him welcome. The streets of Canterbury rang with acclamations as he entered, though the rejoicing was confined to the poorer classes, to whom the Archbishop was a real friend. Henry V., eldest son of Henry II., had shortly before Becket's return been crowned by the Archbishop of York. Remembering him as his pupil in days gone by, Becket, soon after his landing in England, set off on a journey to Woodstock to visit the young prince, who was then residing there. Three magnificent horses accompanied the Archbishop as a gift for the young Henry; and passing through Rochester in state, Becket entered London and took up his quarters at the Bishop of Winchester's palace at Southwark. Here he received orders from his former pupil to proceed no farther, but return to Canterbury! The Archbishop prepared to obey, but halted for a few days at Harrow, where he had a house, and sent to the Abbot of St. Alban's to beg him to intercede with the Prince on his behalf. The Abbot consented to do so, but returned without success, and then Becket sighed out

these sad and memorable words—"Let it be, let it be! is it not that the days of the end hasten to their completion?" The Abbot, it is said, entreated Becket with clasped hands to spend the festival of Christmas and St. Stephen's Day at the abbey of the great British martyr. Tears coursed down the fallen favourite's cheeks as he replied, "Gladly would I come, dear brother, but it has been ordered otherwise. Go in peace to your church; there may God preserve you."<sup>1</sup>

The Abbot and Becket parted on the ridge of Harrow Hill to meet no more.

And now the closing scene of this remarkable life draws on.

News was brought to the Archbishop that on Christmas Eve, Ranulf, de Broc had been hunting the deer in his woods at Saltwood, with hounds belonging to the See; and that Robert, another of the same family, had sent out his nephew, John, to waylay and cut off the tails of a mule and horse, the property of Becket.

---

<sup>1</sup> This incident is related by a monk of St. Albans—Matthew Paris.

These indignities took deep hold on the depressed spirit of the Archbishop; yet before the celebration of the midnight mass on Christmas Day, he preached in the nave of the cathedral, and the words he chose for his text were, "On earth peace to men of good will."<sup>1</sup>

With deep attention and emotion the crowd listened as the preacher spoke of one of the Archbishops, Alphege, who had been murdered by the Danes; and it is said he foretold there would yet be another martyr in that place, holding the same position. It is sad to find it is also recorded of this sermon that the Archbishop referred to the insults Ranulf and Robert de Broc had heaped on him, and this in a voice of thunder, while he then and there excommunicated them, and those who had, by crowning the young Prince, encroached on his just rights, he dashed the candle on the pavement as he spoke, in token of the extinction of his enemies.

On St. Stephen's Day, and on the Feast of

---

<sup>1</sup> Vulgate Version.

St. John, the Archbishop celebrated mass, and in the evening despatched Herbert de Bosham with messages to the Archbishop of Sens and the French king. Herbert departed with a heavy heart, and another messenger was sent to the Pope, praying for the appointment of his priest, William, to the chapelry of Penshurst. These were his last public acts. On the Sunday night messengers arrived from France at the gates of Canterbury, warning the Archbishop that danger hovered near.

When Becket returned to England early in December, he bore with him letters of excommunication against the prelates of York, London, and Salisbury. When this became known, they all three quitted England, and proceeded with haste to Henry II., who was living at the castle of Bar. Henry, who had heard strange rumours of Becket's conduct since his return to Canterbury, listened eagerly as the three bishops told their story. One is said to have whispered, "While Becket lives your Majesty will have neither goods, nor peace in the kingdom, nor a quiet life."



Then the fury of the Plantagenet anger blazed indeed, and the king, in a transport of indignation, uttered the words which sealed the Archbishop's fate. Passionate and furious words they were, and bitterly repented when too late. "A fellow," he cried, "that has eaten my bread has lifted up his heel against me! What cowards I have about me, what sluggard wretches! Is there not one that will rid me of this turbulent priest?" There were those present who heard the king's words, and laid those words to heart. On the same night, it is believed, Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Morville, William de Tracy, and Richard le Bres or le Bret, left the castle of Bar with speed and secrecy, and travelling by different routes, met nearly at the same time at Saltwood Castle, belonging to the Archbishop, but occupied by his bitter enemy, Ranulf de Broc. Here the evil scheme was matured; here in low whispers, lest the tapestried walls should have ears—in the dark, too, so that the faces of those who spoke might be invisible to each other—the destruction of Becket was decreed. We may feel sure that

the knights who, with Ranulf de Broc and a troop of soldiers, left the castle in the grey dawn of the winter's morning, were not disinclined for their errand; but, doubtless, they persuaded themselves that those angry words of the king were a sufficient warrant for what they did. Alas! how many passionate outbreaks since that time have worked evil and ruin, and then, in calmer moments, have been followed by grievous retribution on those who have indulged in them! Pausing at the Abbey of St. Augustine, where they found the Abbot a staunch adherent of the king, and ready to promise any help in their scheme, the band of knights passed under the wall which still separates the city from the cathedral precincts, and reached the great gateway of the palace, of which scarcely a relic now remains. We are told that, long before daybreak, on this eventful day, the Archbishop inquired of one of his attendants if there was time to reach Sandwich before sunrise. When the answer was an affirmative, he said, "Let any one who wishes escape." The story of this, Becket's last day on earth, is a

touching one. We learn from it that within the depths of that troubled soul stirred a longing to be at peace with God. In the chapter-house, that morning after service, he knelt to confess to the monks, and received scourging at their hands. How earnestly we trust, as we read these details, that the proud spirit was brought low at the foot of the cross, and that he saw with the eye of faith Him who was wounded for our iniquities, and asks from us no self-inflicted penance, but the lowliness of heart which accepts as a little child the full sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction once offered by the Sinless for the sinful.

The Archbishop dined in the great hall of the palace as usual. The usual hymn was sung, and then he retired to his own room.

The crowd of beggars who were wont to feed on the Archbishop's bounty thronged the court as the knights entered the open door of the hall. They had no weapons, and their armour was covered with the long cloak usually worn, so that they excited no suspicion in the minds of the servants. They even asked them to sit down and

take refreshments, but this was declined, and they requested to be shown to Becket's apartment. An attendant who had just left the Archbishop saw them and recognised them at once. The usual greetings were exchanged, and as soon as Becket heard that the knights bore a message from the king, he said, "Let them come in."

The Archbishop, who was surrounded by three faithful friends, the Archdeacon of Salisbury, William Fitzstephen, his chaplain, and Edward Grim, a Saxon monk, does not appear to have received his guests with much courtesy. He proudly and indifferently continued his conversation with the monk who sat next him, and left it to them to open their mission. They marched boldly up to the Primate and threw themselves on the floor, looking steadfastly at him. The eagle eye of the Archbishop returned the gaze, and recognising Tracy, whom he had met at court when Chancellor, his name escaped his lips—"Tracy!" "We have a message from the king over the water," said Fitzurse at last; "will you receive it in private or in the hearing of all?"

"As you will," was the reply. "Nay, as *you* will," repeated Fitzurse. "And I say as you will," was the rejoinder. It seems that his friends now left Becket, but kept the door ajar; and as soon as Fitzurse had begun to deliver his message, the Archbishop called out, "This must *not* be told in secret," when they returned to the apartment. The story of the interview is differently given by different historians, and the king's complaints against Becket variously reported. "The king over the water," said the knights, "commands you to fulfil your duty towards him instead of taking away his crown." "Rather than take away his crown," replied Becket, "I would give him five crowns." Then followed a list of accusations of exciting tumults in the realm, for which pardon must be sought, of excommunications of the bishops, who must be absolved. Becket seems to have retaliated by reproaching the king with broken faith, and to have fiercely recounted the indignities which he had suffered from the adherents of the king, amongst which the cutting off the tail of his sumpter mule and carrying off a cask of wine.

the king's own gift, were the chief. Louder and louder grew the strife. The knights sprang to their feet, and drew nearer and nearer to the Archbishop with menacing gestures. The servants rushed in as the clamour increased, and ranged themselves round their master to defend him.

In this hour of fear the courage of Becket scarcely faltered. When the knights shouted to the attendants to prevent his escape, his voice rose clear and firm, "I shall not escape." A momentary wavering seemed to come over him as the knights turned away muttering threats and imprecations. He rushed after Hugh de Moreville, the most courteous of the party, and entreated him to repeat the royal message, and he would listen. But the knights called, "To arms! to arms!" and instantly left the hall.

The gate of the court was closed to prevent the townspeople rushing in, and William Fitznigel gave orders to keep guard, while the Archbishop's porter was removed. Under a sycamore tree in the garden the knights threw off their cloaks, and appeared in full armour. The servants seeing

them thus, shut and barred the hall door, but De Broc cried, "Follow me. I know another way!" leading as he spoke to the orchard behind the kitchen, whence a staircase led to the ante-chamber between the hall and Becket's bedroom. Repairs were going on here, and the workmen's tools lay scattered about on the ground. Fitzurse seized an axe and the others hatchets, and armed with these rough weapons they mounted the staircase to the ante-chamber, and broke through an oriel window which looked into the garden, and so entered the hall; but the Archbishop's room was barred.

Meantime Becket's passion had subsided, and he sat calmly and thoughtfully on his couch, while the faithful Archdeacon, John of Salisbury, stood near.

"What would you have me do, John?" the Archbishop asked of his friend.

"You should have taken counsel with your friends sooner, knowing as you do that these men seek to kill you."

"I am prepared to die," was the answer.

"Ah! we are all sinners," was the rejoinder.

"Let God's will be done," said Becket again.

In a few minutes violent battering at the hall-door was heard, and the monks fled. Becket's friends entreated him to take refuge in the Cathedral, but he replied, "No: all monks are cowards."

Some even tried to drag the Archbishop away to the church, but not till he was reminded that vespers were beginning did he yield. Then he rose quietly, asked for his cross and staff, which his clerk, Henry of Auxerre, bore before him, and finding that the court and orchard were filled with armed men, and there was no possibility of passing by the usual way, they turned through a room which led to a private door, seldom used, opening to the cloisters.

The march towards the Cathedral was, says the Dean of Westminster, a struggle between the obstinate attempts the Archbishop made to maintain his dignity and the eagerness of his attendants to reach the sanctuary. As they urged him onwards he asked what they feared, and when they had passed through the door an



attempt was instantly made to bar it, which he sternly forbade. Half dragged and half carried, he was borne along the cloister, crying out, "Let me go; do not drag me."

The lower door of the north transept was reached at last, and here they found vespers had begun, and the monks were singing in the choir, while at the same moment two boys rushed into the nave, saying that soldiers were breaking into the church and monastery. Some stout hearts were unmoved, and a few of the monks remained on their knees, though others ran to hide themselves behind pillars and more secret places.

"Come in! come in!" said one monk to the Archbishop, descending the steps of the choir; "come in; let us die together."

"Go and finish the service," was the authoritative answer. "While you remain here, I shall not come in."

"What do these people fear?" he exclaimed, as he looked on the terrified throng.

"The armed men in the cloister," cried the multitude.

"I shall go out to them," said Becket, as he heard the clash of armour drawing near; "I shall go out."

By the open door of the cloisters the knights entered the church. A fearful sight it must have been to those within, who thought it sacrilege to enter the house of God in armour. The knights' faces were hidden, and some held naked swords in their hands, while others of their companions bore the rough hatchets picked up from among the carpenters' tools, and Fitzurse wielded an axe. The monks, filled with terror, and regardless of the Archbishop's orders, now closed the cathedral door, and tried to barricade it with iron bars. Loud knocking from without and tumult within followed, and above it all Becket's voice rose sonorous and clear, "Away, cowards; I command you not to shut the door. The church must not be turned into a castle;" and with his own hand he thrust away the men who were trying to place the bars across the door.

Hither and thither fled the frightened monks,

rushing to side altars or secret places in walls or roof. Even the Archdeacon, John of Salisbury, forsook his friend ! And now Becket was nearly alone ; his old tutor at Merton College, Fitzstephen (according to his own account), and the Saxon monk Grim alone remaining with him. These pointed out to him two hiding-places where he might be safe, but in vain. The only concession he would make to their entreaties was to proceed to the high altar, "where," said his friends, "the double sanctity of the place will ensure your safety ;" and thither the Archbishop turned to go with slow, unhurried steps.

It was five o'clock. The winter twilight had long since faded into darkness. No light in that great building but the faint glimmer of a few lamps at the altar ; no ray to pierce the gloom which wrapped the massive pillars and vaulted roof as with a mantle.

Presently a loud voice sounded : "Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to the king ?"

Only a solemn silence was the reply.

Fitzurse rushed on, and still the darkness

hid from his sight the noble figure which stood erect and stately on the steps leading to the choir.

"Where is the Archbishop?" was repeated, and the answer came at last.

"Reginald, here am I; no traitor, but the priest of God. What do you wish?" and, wearing his white rochet, and a cloak and hood thrown over his shoulders, Becket came down again from the steps into the transept.

Fitzurse drew back amazed at the courage of the Primate, who passed close to him and took his stand between the central pillar and the massive wall which still forms the southwest corner of what was then St. Benedict's Chapel.

"Absolve the bishops you have excommunicated," was the demand.

The reply was a refusal, and a reproof for coming armed into the church.

"You shall die," was Fitzurse's answer.

And turning a deaf ear to the friendly voices which urged him to flee, Becket said aloud, "I

am ready to die for God and for the Church, but let my men escape."

And now Fitzurse, rough and violent as he was, shrunk somewhat from an act of sacrilege, and, throwing down his axe, attempted to seize Becket by the collar of his cloak and drag him out of the sacred precincts. But every effort was vain; the Archbishop, with his back against the pillar, and with Grim assisting him, was immovable.

In the struggle he exerted all his strength, and flung Tracy on the pavement. Then the conflict grew close and deadly. It is said that Becket used violent language against Tracy, and the knights cried, "Strike! strike!" Then the Archbishop covered his eyes with his hands, bent his neck, and said, "I commend my cause, and the cause of the Church of God, to the saints." A blow from Tracy was the reply, a blow which grazed the head and shoulder, and was immediately followed by another which stunned him. Grim had stood with his arm round the Archbishop, and it is impossible not

to admire the generous cry which escaped his lips as the first blow fell, "Spare this defence!" But the blade lighted on the arm of the Saxon monk, who fled wounded to the nearest altar.

"Into Thy hands I commend my spirit, O Lord," and "I am willing to die for the name of Jesus and the defence of the Church," were amongst the last words which are recorded as falling from the Primate's lips. When the third blow was struck he dropped on his knees, then, lying flat on his face, he received the tremendous blow from Richard le Breton's sword, which severed the scalp from the skull, and completed the fearful crime.

The lifeless body of the Archbishop lay on the pavement of his magnificent church, encompassed by the darkness of the December evening. The murderers took to flight in utter consternation, yet horror-struck more with the deed of sacrilege they had committed than with the murder itself. But plunder and robbery followed in the palace—Fitzstephen declares to the amount

of 2000 marks—ere the knights left the city that night.

In the dead of night, when the Cathedral was quiet once more, when the gates were shut and calm restored, Osbert, the Chamberlain of the Archbishop, crept into the church with a taper in his hand, which cast a flickering light upon the quiet corpse lying there. The monks followed, and soon loud cries of lamentation awoke the silent echoes of the grand building. As the body of the Archbishop was gently turned, and the face was disclosed, all were struck with its solemn beauty. Colour still lingered on the cheeks, and the eyes were closed as if in sleep. There lay the axe and the hammer, there lay the fragments of Richard le Breton's sword, which had snapped asunder as he dealt with it the final blow. Can it be wondered at that the tears of the monks fell fast and thick, while old Robert of Merton stood by and told of his old pupil's bitter penance and scourgings, known only to himself as his confessor, while he thrust his hand under the dead man's robe and showed the haircloth shirt next

the skin? Can it be wondered at that in that age of romantic ardour and strong feeling the blood and brains scattered on the pavement became precious things, and he upon whom many had looked suspiciously in life as the worldly, pleasure-seeking Chancellor, should now, by a great revulsion of feeling, be regarded as a martyr and saint?

The body of the Archbishop was arrayed the next day in all the insignia of his office—chasuble, pall, gloves, rings, sandals, and pastoral staff—and then placed in a marble coffin which stood in the crypt, and the door was closed and locked. No mass was said, for the church was desecrated by the wicked deed perpetrated within its walls. The pavement was broken up, no bells were rung, the tapestry hangings were taken down, the altars stripped, and the services conducted in the Chapter-house, without chanting. This state of things continued till the following year, when the whole Cathedral was re-consecrated.

When news of the Archbishop's murder reached Henry at Argenton, a town in the south of Nor-



mandy, he was greatly afflicted : shut himself up for three days, refusing all food but milk, rolled in sackcloth and ashes, and made vehement protestation that he was guiltless of Becket's death. But many there were, amongst them the French king, who looked on the murderous knights as only the instruments of Henry's vengeance ; and with the perpetual fear of the Pope's anger and excommunication hanging over him, he led a miserable life.

Almost broken-hearted by the undutiful conduct of his son, torn with domestic troubles, and harassed by an uneasy conscience, we see Henry Plantagenet approaching Canterbury one July day, bound on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas. A strange sight it must have been to the inhabitants of the city to see the King walking barefoot through their streets as a penitent pilgrim, clad only in a woollen shirt, over which was thrown a cloak to keep him from the summer rain, which mingled (say the historians) with his penitential tears. Pausing at the cathedral door, the king knelt down, and then

went to the spot where his once dear friend had fallen beneath the murderers' blows. There he prostrated himself, and kissed the stone, while prelates stood round to hear his confession. Then the king proceeded to the crypt, and knelt weeping at the tomb. Gilbert Foliot, an old enemy of Becket, standing by, announced to the astonished people the king's sorrow for the rash words which led to the crime, and his intention of bestowing forty marks annually on the hospital that lamps might be kept burning perpetually at the martyr's tomb. The king then received scourging from those present—five strokes from every abbot and bishop, beginning with Foliot, who held the rod, and then from each of the monks. Afterwards Henry was left to his lonely meditations, resting against a pillar on the bare ground, his feet sore and unwashed, his body weary and faint with fasting—and thus he passed the night!

A simple heartfelt prayer put up to God, through Jesus, His dear Son, in the quiet of his own chamber, a confession of sin to Him who

alone can forgive it, an earnest cry for pardon and amendment of life through the grace of the Holy Spirit—this would have better calmed the troubled soul of Henry Plantagenet, this would have caused joy in heaven over one who repented! Scourgings and bitter penance and fastings for the pardon of sin are sad and vain if the heart clings to self-righteousness, and rests for peace on anything but the cross of Christ. A long and dangerous illness followed the strain upon the strength of the poor king, no longer a young man, and bowed down with many sorrows. It may be that in the silence of his sick-room he heard the voice of Jesus calming him, and found the peace he so sorely needed. Let us trust it was so.

The long story of Becket in connection with Canterbury ends here. It is a story full of interest and instruction. His was a mixed character, and we must be careful to bear in mind that many of his faults were attributable to the age in which he lived—an age and time so different to our own that we must not

judge him by the standard of to-day. The extraordinary success of his career in life, his honours and dignities, fostered his besetting sins of pride and ambition. He did not use these as talents committed to him by his Heavenly Master, but in time forgot his duty and respect to his earthly master. Henry, too, reaped the fruit of too suddenly and too rashly raising a favourite to the chief offices in the Church and State, and of the foolish and unlimited indulgence which broke down those safe barriers which God has so wisely raised up between a sovereign and his subjects. Still we cannot but look back on Thomas à Becket with admiration, when we remember his many good deeds to the poor and afflicted, his generous forgetfulness of self in that last great trial, and the noble calmness with which he met his death. But more than one lesson may be read by young and old, master and servant, parent and child, at the tomb of Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury.

From 1174, the year when Becket was canonised, pilgrimages to his shrine at Canterbury

became frequent. In 1179, Louis VII. of France came to offer there a golden cup and a butt of one hundred measures of wine for the monastery, after which he passed the night, as Henry had done before him, by the Archbishop's tomb. The love of relics, which had been a growing evil since the days of Augustine, now became a mania, and Canterbury was rich in relics. This relic-worship was productive of many evils, and not the least were the deceit and fraud which were practised to meet the demand. You will see that the vestments dipped in blood, or the hair, and nails of Becket, could not be inexhaustible; and, while unheard-of prices were offered for a drop of the martyr's blood or a portion of his shirt, or even a thread of his garment, the temptation was great to those who held guard over these things to make a merchandise by creating and inventing relics to gratify the eager desire which seized all classes alike.

Time would fail to tell you all the great men in history who are found from 1174 to the Reformation at the Canterbury shrine.

Strange it is to stand on the stone over which Becket's skull was fractured, by the solid corner of masonry in front of which he fell—it is the only part unaltered—and picture the long line of kings and mighty men who have stood there before us. Here came the lion-hearted Richard on foot from Sandwich to give thanks to God for his deliverance from imprisonment. To Becket's shrine, too, came the cowardly, deceitful John, in state, after his accession to the crown he wore only to dishonour. In 1220, when Stephen Langton was Archbishop, we see the boy King Henry III., a child of thirteen summers, heading the solemn procession of the translation of the relics. The choir had been burnt down, and the removal of Becket's body to a costly chapel, with a watching chamber, which had been erected to receive them, was a great event—so great that the anniversary was observed until the Reformation as the Feast of the Translation of St. Thomas.

And now the stream of pilgrims to the shrine grew ever stronger and stronger. From France

and Bohemia, from Italy and other countries, they came, and usually landed at Sandwich. But by far the most frequented route was that from London, which Chaucer celebrated in his "Canterbury Tales." On one of the festivals of the translation, in 1420, immediately after the battle of Agincourt, ten thousand persons collected in Canterbury. "The Chequers of Hope" is the hostelry to which the pilgrims are supposed to have resorted in the supplement of the tale. The site of the building now stands at the corner of High Street and Mercury Lane. An oblong court, surrounded by a dwelling built of timber, received the pilgrims. In the upper story, formerly approached by stairs from the outside, examples of which are still to be seen in old Continental towns, there is a spacious room known as the Dormitory of the Hundred Beds. Here the pilgrims used to sleep, and walk out at morning dawn on the flat leads, still visible, from which they could see the cathedral Tower.

The celebrated Erasmus visited the shrine at

Canterbury, with Dean Colet for his companion, not long before the pilgrim path was deserted and the Reformation dawned. Erasmus has left a characteristic and interesting story of the visit to the shrine in the form of a conversation between two speakers, Menedemus and Ogygis, but there is not space to insert even quotations from it here.

The spirit of the coming change was abroad, and we see it in the Dean of St. Paul's openly-expressed contempt for the time-honoured relics, and in the hidden sarcasm of the keen-witted Erasmus. As the travellers paused at the church of St. Nicholas attached to the Hospital of Harbaldane, an old almsman came down the steps throwing his accustomed shower of holy water, and presenting the upper leather of a shoe bound in a brass rim, with a crystal set in the midst. Dean Colet bore the shower of water meekly, but when the shoe was presented to him to kiss, he sharply asked the poor old man what he wanted. "The shoe of the blessed St. Thomas," was the answer. Colet's anger burst forth, and he



expressed his feelings somewhat coarsely ; but Erasmus dropped a coin into the aged almsman's hand, and so atoned for his companion's want of courtesy. In three hundred years the natural features of this scene are little changed. The ivy-clad chapel of Lanfranc still remains, and within the almshouse is the very same rude box, with a chain and a slit for the money in the lid, which received many a pilgrim offering, possibly, nay probably, that of Erasmus.

There is yet one name associated with Canterbury, in life and in death, which we will notice before we conclude these recollections of the past—a name beloved and honoured—that of the chivalrous and gallant Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales. In the first flush of his triumphant youth, we find him at Canterbury, after the battle of Poitiers, with his prisoner King John of France, presenting offerings at Becket's shrine on the 19th April 1357. Again in 1363 he left a memorial of his marriage with his cousin Joan, in the beautiful chapel still shown in the crypt of the Cathedral. And at

last, when, full of honours and so justly beloved, he sank from a fatal disease in France, before completing his forty-sixth year, we find that his body was brought from Westminster Abbey, after lying in state there for three months, to the resting-place he himself had chosen in Canterbury Cathedral. The Prince was not buried, however, where he had desired, in the crypt, but high aloft behind the altar, on the south side of Becket's shrine.

That gorgeous shrine, standing on its coloured pavement, is now no more, but the tomb of the hero of Crecy and Poitiers may still be seen. There he lies in effigy, as he had directed, in full armour, his head resting on his helmet, his feet with the likeness of the spurs he wore at Crecy, his hands joined as in the deathbed prayer; there are yet faint traces of the gilding on the armour which in old times made the figure shine like burnished gold. There hang the Prince's brazen gauntlets, his helmet with its once gilded leopard crest, the wooden shield, and the tattered ragged velvet coat, bordered with blue

and scarlet. There, too, is the scabbard of his sword—his sword, alas! gone, and the theft attributed to Oliver Cromwell. On the canopy is the faded representation of the Trinity, and round about the tomb are the ostrich feathers, the form so familiar to English eyes now, and dear to English hearts as the badge of the Prince of Wales. Carved about the stone-work of the tomb is the long inscription composed by the Black Prince before his death in the language of the court, the old Norman French. There are other tombs in Canterbury Cathedral which are full of interest: amongst others, Stephen Langton's, who won for us Magna Charta; Archbishop Peckham, who lived in the reign of Henry I., and was buried close to the spot where that king was married; Sudbury, who was beheaded in the time of Richard II.; Henry IV. and his queen; beside Warham, the friend of Erasmus and the predecessor of Cranmer; with others who need not be set down here.

The Reformation was a new and troubled era in the history of cathedrals, and Canterbury did

not escape. Henry VIII. was an instrument for good in the hands of the King of kings; but he certainly laid a rapacious grasp on jewels and treasures of every kind, for which the destruction of shrines and religious houses gave him an excuse. One Whit-Tuesday we find him at Canterbury with the Emperor Charles V., Cardinal Wolsey, and many great nobles in his train. This was in 1520; but the last mention of a visit to the shrine is in 1538, when a French lady resorted to it, apparently more from curiosity than devotion.

In another month the Royal Commission for the destruction of shrines was issued and arrived in the old city of Canterbury. Goldsmiths picked out the costly jewels; the iron chest containing the bones was broken open and the relics destroyed. The reputed skull of the saint was burned to ashes, and the jewels and gold carried off in two strong coffers on the shoulders of seven or eight men. And it will give you some idea of the vast amount of treasure offered by pilgrims at different times when you hear that six and

twenty carts were waiting to carry it off. The jewels went to the royal stores ; and one old chronicler says that Henry wore the glory of the shrine on his thumb, the brilliant ruby ring presented by the French king when he did penance there in the reign of Henry II.

## NOTES ON CANTERBURY.

### I.

The story of Thomas à Becket, as it is told in the preceding pages, is taken from many sources. From Dr. Giles on the life of Becket, collected from no less than nineteen biographies, written within fifty years of his death, and contained in one moderate-sized volume ; also from the narrative of the Secretary Fitzstephen, which is circumstantial and florid, but generally thought to be correct. By far the most popular and beautiful story of the martyrdom of Becket is by the Dean of Westminster (Arthur Penryhn Stanley, D.D.). From the "Memoirs of Canterbury" the quotations have been frequent, though not often literal.

### II.

Churches are of five classes—metropolitan, cathedral, collegiate, conventual, and parish churches. The word "cathedral" is derived from a Greek word signifying "seat" or "throne," from the seat or throne of the Bishop or Archbishop being placed therein. The cathedral is the principal church of the diocese in which it is situated. Almost every cathedral varies in plan, though the leading features—the nave and the choir—are common to almost all. The plan consists of a Galilee, or chapel, at the principal entrance, the nave, or main body, the side aisles, which do not always rise as high as the nave, and are placed on either side of it, sometimes with chapels, some-

times without ; the choir ; and between it and the nave the transept, at right angles to the end of the nave which projects on each side, and forms a cross. Some cathedrals, as Canterbury, have a double transept. At the end of the choir is the "High Altar" and the Ladye Chapel, a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The choir of a cathedral is often terminated by an apse or semicircular end.

Along the side of the choir are ranged richly carved seats or stalls, in oak or stone. The Bishop's seat or throne is distinguished from the rest by being finer carved, and raised above the level of the others. The minor parts of a cathedral consist of the muniment room, library, vestries, &c.

*YORK.*

*Founded 627.*

DERIVATION OF EBORACUM—PAULINUS—ALDRED—EXECUTION OF ARCHBISHOP SCROPE—WOLSEY—DESTRUCTION OF THE CATHEDRAL BY FIRE—PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS—MARRIAGE OF HENRY III.'S DAUGHTER, MARGARET.

**I**N olden times the metropolis of Yorkshire, that large county which little fingers so soon learn to point out on the map of England, was called Eboracum. It was situated at the meeting of the two rivers, the Ouse and Joss, in a rich and pleasant valley, and, like other ancient British towns, was, doubtless, nothing more than a collection of huts surrounded by a trench and the trunks of trees which had been cut down to clear a sufficient space in the wide-spreading forest. Many arguments have been held as to the origin of this long name Eboracum. "Eber," or "Ever," is the old Saxon word for "wild boar," and "wic," in the same language, means "refuge" or "retreat," so it



is very possible that the town received the name of Eboric or Everwic, from our ancestors finding in it a retreat from the wild boars of the adjacent forests, which are described, in these times, as most perilous to pass through on account of the wild boars. The origin of this old city, like its name, is involved in some obscurity. Cæsar never penetrated so far north as York, and all his reports of the towns of Britain, on his first arrival, are little to their credit, and, no doubt, in comparison of the queenly city he had left behind—the little colonies in the woods of our island home—must have appeared contemptible indeed. But it was not long before Eboracum appears to have become the principal Roman station in Britain. It was the head-quarters of the sixth legion from the time of the first landing of the Romans, in the reign of Hadrian, to their departure; and from the time of Severus, if not earlier, it was the chosen seat of the emperors when they visited their British possessions.

Severus was an old man when he undertook a journey to this country, and resided at York.

There he died, and his funeral was solemnised, according to the Roman custom, without the city walls. The body was burned, and the ashes placed in an urn with sweet odours, and reverently carried to Rome; but that the memory of Severus might not pass away in Britain, his army raised three large hills on the spot, which have been called Severus' Hills for many ages. We have the valuable authority of two eminent Roman writers that Severus did really die at York. Eutropius and Spartian, celebrated historians of the time, have left a curious account on record of the way the Emperor passed his days in Britain. According to these accounts, Severus dined so luxuriously, that he always slept heavily for some time afterwards. No wonder that he was of a gross habit, and though generally strong, had often fits of gout. Of his son, Caracalla, who succeeded him, it is said that he used to boast that he had never learned to do good!—a strange and sad tradition to come to us from these far-off days.

That the Emperor Constantine resided in York there is reason to believe; but when the

Romans left Britain little is heard of this place for many years, and that little is far from interesting.

Among the forty companions of Augustine, on his first arrival from Rome, was one

“ Of shoulders curved and stature tall,  
Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,  
His prominent feature like an eagle's beak ;  
A man whose aspect doth at once appear  
And strike with reverence.”

This was Paulinus, afterwards consecrated Bishop of York, which place was chosen by Augustine to be the second metropolitan, on the ground that it had formerly been a British archbishopric. At this time Edwin was the King of Northumbria. He was still a pagan ; and although he had married Ethelburga, the daughter of Ethelbert, he refused to forsake the faith of his fathers. Paulinus had, nevertheless, full liberty given him to preach ; but so little progress was made by the true faith in Northumbria, that he is described as a bishop without a flock. At the time, however, of the greatest discouragement, a circumstance occurred which brightened the prospect of Christianity,

and exercised a strong influence over the Northern kingdom.

Edwin was threatened with assassination in his country-seat near York, and narrowly escaped with his life. Paulinus happened to be at the Court at the time, and hastened to the king, whose heart was swelling with revenge against the King of Wessex, who was suspected of having sent a messenger to Edwin on false pretences, for the real purpose of assassinating him !

In the first tumult of anger and fear, Edwin made a vow in Paulinus' presence that if the God of the Christians would avenge him of his enemy, he would profess himself a convert to Christianity. At this very moment, it is said, news was brought to the king of the birth of a little daughter, and as the bishop stood in the royal presence and heard the happy father give thanks to his *gods* for his wife's safety, Paulinus fell on his knees, and in a few words of heartfelt thanksgiving praised *his God* for the birth of a princess ; and expressed his belief that the unconscious baby would prove a blessing and

protection to him and to his few scattered followers.

The evident sincerity and zeal of the Bishop pleased the king, and immediate permission was given to him to receive the new-born infant into the Christian Church by baptism! We can well believe what a thrill of joy and hope for the future beat in the mother's breast, as she saw the sign of the cross made on the forehead of her little girl! Surely, this child would be a messenger of peace and love to the father's softened heart. But very soon after this event, Edwin gathered his soldiers around him, and went out to make war against the King of Wessex. He came off victorious, and returned to York in triumph, forgetful of his vow—a heathen still in faith and practice. Paulinus reminded him of it, at first, in vain; he said he would consider the subject again, but would make no definite promise. One day, as he sat alone, the stately Bishop, with his "vivid eye," stood before him. Laying his hand on the king's head, he asked if he knew that token; on which, Edwin fell

upon his knees, and his proud resistance against the Christian faith gave way. On Easter Day, 627, Edwin, with Coifi, the heathen priest, and many of the nobles, were baptized in a humble wooden church, where, soon after, the converted king laid the foundation of a noble church of stone, on the site of which the present Cathedral stands.

Paulinus was solemnly installed, and the Pope sent from Rome the long-delayed and eagerly-desired pall or pallium, which is a vestment worn in the Romish Church, being first consecrated by his Holiness at the Feast of St. Peter, and then sent to metropolitan bishops; and new converts to the faith came flocking to the priests from all parts of Northumbria. In one day it is said ten thousand were baptized in the river Swale. The labours of Paulinus prospered till troublous times came for that country. Cadwaller, the Welsh king, and Penda, king of Mercia, invaded Edwin's dominions, and conquered him. He himself fell in battle; and the queen and her child, under

the care of Paulinus, escaped to Kent, where, as Rochester needed a pastor, the Bishop settled, and held that See until October 644, when he died, and was buried in the Cathedral church of that city.

For more than twenty years after the death of Paulinus, the Archbishopric of York remained vacant. The church fell into ruins; pagan persecutions prevailed, and it was not until the reign of the Christian King Egfrid that the celebrated Wilfrid was appointed by him to fill the See, and sent to the Bishop of Paris for consecration. Wilfrid seemed so well pleased with France that he stayed there three years; and, the King's patience being exhausted, he compelled another priest to take his place, which he resigned on the Archbishop's return. Wilfrid was a man of low origin, and in great measure self-educated. Something of the spirit of Becket was manifested in the way in which he carried on a contest between the Church and the king. He was not luxurious in his own habits, but he kept a magnificent table at York, and so many at-

tendants, that his brother of Canterbury grew jealous of his riches, and resolved to place several bishops under him who would draw somewhat on his resources. But Wilfrid's was not the spirit to submit to this, and he refused to agree to the proposed plan. Egfrid, the King of Northumbria at that time, was by no means friendly to the Archbishop, who had interfered in his domestic circle somewhat harshly, and had persuaded his queen, Ethelgitha, to retire into a nunnery. He therefore was quite willing to help the Archbishop in his scheme of curtailing Wilfrid's resources, who, in great indignation, left England to appeal personally to the Pope. On his way, however, he was shipwrecked on the coast of Friesland, where he remained some time labouring for the conversion of the natives. The Pope, with whom he had an interview at Constance, decided in his favour; but the king, on his return to England, threw him into prison, whence he escaped to the wastes of Sussex, and used the full powers of his mind for the instruction of the ignorant heathen in-



habitants. In time, Wilfrid was restored to his See, but he could not resist entering into matters of dispute and controversy ; and the evening of his days was spent in a renewal of the old quarrel about the division of the bishopric. Again he was deposed and proceeded to Rome, where, under the wing of his patron Boniface, he remained some years. He returned at last to the rugged North, armed with Papal authority enough to awe his opponents, but age and infirmity had now so tamed his proud spirit that he never sought to be reinstated at York. Wilfrid died in 709, at his monastery of Oundle, and was buried at Ripon.\*

This little sketch of Wilfrid is given here, as he must be remembered as the first patron of ecclesiastical architecture in England. Rome, and the other Continental cities he had visited, had filled his mind with ideas of beauty which he strove to embody in the decoration of the Cathedral of York. He caused the roof of the

---

\* *Biographia Britannica Literaria, Vita Wilfridi, apud Gall, &c. &c.*

building to be covered with lead, and filled the windows with glass. He also built of hewn stone the church at Ripon; the size of its columns and porticoes excited great admiration; and the church at Hexham was thought the finest ecclesiastical building of those times.

The beautiful Cathedral at York did not stand long. In 741 it was greatly injured, if not wholly destroyed, by fire, and thirty years later was rebuilt with great splendour by Archbishop Aldred.

There is little of interest left on record about the Archbishops of York till Aldred held the See. He was first a monk at Winchester, then Abbot of Tavistock, and then Bishop of Worcester. Aldred so gained the favour of Edward the Confessor, that with his sanction he set forth for Rome to receive the pallium from Nicholas II. The Pope, however, refused it, saying that he believed Aldred to be guilty of simony. At last, however, after some humiliating delay, he gained his point, but on the condition that he should resign the See of Worcester. Aldred must be counted amongst time-servers; for when Edward the

Confessor died, Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, obtained the rite of coronation by his means; and yet when the Norman Duke came over, we find the Archbishop making a compact with the Londoners that if Harold were worsted in the coming struggle Edgar Atheling should be proclaimed king! In spite of this, when Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, refused to crown William, Aldred sailed with the stream once more, and placed the crown on William's head at Westminster Abbey.

For a character like this one can feel no respect, and yet we must acknowledge that Aldred did some good things at York, building a dining-hall at Southwell for the canons, and making many improvements and restorations. A curious anecdote is told of Aldred in the early part of William's reign, which shows that he could be firm enough where his own interests were concerned, and was not to be frightened out of what he thought his rights.

There was once a large quantity of provisions on their way to the Archbishop's palace for his

use, when they were stopped at the gate of the city, and, by order of the Sheriff, were conveyed to the castle and deposited in the king's granary instead. Highly indignant, the Archbishop demanded restitution with threats and stormy words; but the Sheriff, probably a Norman, only laughed, and kept the provisions into the bargain. He did not anticipate the sort of man with whom he had to deal. Aldred hastily departed for London for the redress of his grievance; and in those days that long and toilsome journey was no small undertaking, especially for bishops, whose trains of attendants were so large. Clad in his pontifical robes, Aldred, when he arrived in London, went to Westminster Palace with a long procession of bishops at his heels. William, who was seated in council with his Norman barons around him, rose to salute Aldred when he appeared; but the Archbishop put him aside with dignity, and taking no notice of the royal advance, or that the king was standing, said, "Hear me, William; since thou art an alien, and God hath permitted thee, for our sins, and

through much blood, to reign over us! I anointed thee king, and placed the crown on thy head with a blessing, but I come to change that blessing to a curse, as a persecutor and oppressor of God's priests, and as a breaker of promises made before the altar of God and St. Peter" (alluding to the coronation oath).

An illustration of the fear and awe in which royalty held the Church in those days may be found in the fact that the proud Norman actually flung himself at Aldred's feet, and humbly asked what he had done to deserve such menaces. The nobles, anything but humbled, and most indignant at the Saxon's assurance, demanded how he dared let his king lie at his feet.

"Let him alone," Aldred replied, who saw the ground he had gained; "let him alone; he does not fall at my feet, but at St. Peter's."

So completely did he succeed in frightening the haughty William, that when his grievance was told, the king despatched him with rich gifts and an order to the Sheriff to make full restitution of the provisions. But Aldred was the last

of the Saxon bishops. He was succeeded by his chaplain, Thomas, a Norman, and a canon of Bayeux. This Thomas was perpetually quarrelling with Lanfranc, whom he refused to acknowledge as his superior, although he was prelate of the elder See of Canterbury. The case was referred to the Pope, and by the Pope to the king, who decided in favour of Canterbury. Meantime the affairs of the diocese of York were in a sad condition. Fire kindled by those troublesome enemies the Danes, in 1070, when they took the castle, had injured the Cathedral, and in the early part of the Conqueror's reign the beautiful building raised by Archbishop Albert was destroyed. "Only some needy and hungry canons remained," says the historian; but Archbishop Thomas was energetic, and rebuilt the church, called back the wandering monks, erected hall and dormitory, added a library to the church, and established a school. This good Bishop occupied the archiepiscopal chair of York for thirty years, lived to crown Henry I., and died the same year at Ripon, in 1100, but was buried in York

Cathedral. It is truly wonderful how many times fire has raged at York; in 1137 the Cathedral was again nearly destroyed by the relentless flames, and for some time lay in ruins. In 1154 the sudden death of William, the thirtieth Archbishop, not without suspicion of poison having been put into the sacred chalice during mass, struck all hearts with terror. The superstitious tendencies of those days are seen by the use made by the Church of this mysterious event. Miracles were said to be performed at the Archbishop's tomb, and his name was enrolled in the calendar of saints. Drake, who is the principal historian of York, wrote his "*Eboracensis*" in 1736, and the table of miracles performed at the Archbishop's tomb, according to his account, then hung up in the vestry. At the time of the Archbishop's canonisation his bones were deposited in the nave, in the presence of King Edward I. and his Queen. A costly shrine was erected, which disappeared at the Reformation, and the only trace remaining is a single stone. When the Cathedral was repaired in 1732, Drake, the

historian, received permission to search for this Archbishop's bones ; and a strong coffin was discovered, containing a square leaden box closely soldered, in which were the skull and small bones sewn up in sarsenet, and at the bottom of the box lay the larger bones. All were carefully replaced.

During Henry II.'s reign, who seized the See and appropriated its revenues, there was no Archbishop of York ; but the lion-hearted Richard placed his half-brother Geoffrey Plantagenet in the vacant chair.\*

Geoffrey was of a warlike disposition—a soldier in every taste and tendency. Indeed, the Pope made him give up the See of Worcester, which he held before that of York, for neglecting the sacred duties of his office to follow his father to the Scottish wars.

The forty-eighth Archbishop, the celebrated Richard Scrope, son of Chancellor Scrope, in the time of Richard II., that hapless son of a brave,

---

\* Rosamond Clifford's son.



noble father, whose loss all England mourned, must not be passed over here. Scrope's great offence was attachment to the deposed King and resolute opposition to Henry of Lancaster. We cannot enter into the details of an insurrection of which the Archbishop was the grand mover; and as peace rather than strife is the mission of the priest of God, we cannot excuse him for urging the Percies to take up arms against Henry.

The Archbishop was at last carried prisoner to Pontefract Castle, and Henry gave Judge Gascoigne to understand that sentence must be passed on him as a traitor and a rebel taken in arms. You will remember Gascoigne's conduct when Henry's young son was brought before him—his unflinching sense of right, and his bold assertion of the justice he upheld, when he sent the heir of the crown to prison. Such a man was not likely to condemn the Archbishop hastily at the bidding of the king. He declared that Scrope's life was exempt from the jurisdiction of lay courts, and that he had a right to a trial by the peers.

But, though Gascoigne refused, it was easy to

find another to consent. Fulthorp, a knight and lawyer, without any form of trial, passed sentence on the Archbishop and the Earl of Nottingham, and they were condemned to be beheaded.

Bishops had been loaded with chains and thrown into dungeons, starved and tortured to death before this time, but the axe of the executioner had never yet fallen publicly on a mitred head. But Scrope underwent his sentence, and he was buried between two pillars in his own Cathedral, where the plain monument which marked his tomb became so frequent a resort that Henry ordered logs of wood to be placed across his grave.

The execution of the Archbishop excited the greatest indignation at Rome, and brought upon Henry of Lancaster the sentence of excommunication from the Pope, and it was with much difficulty that a bull of pardon was obtained. The absolution is still recorded in the Register Office.

Cardinal Wolsey held the See of York, and was the fifty-seventh Archbishop. His history is but little associated with the place. The months

that he spent at Carwood were those when the sun of his prosperity was low in the horizon, when the face of Henry VIII. was turning from his favourite, and his fall was decreed. A sad fall it was, and doubtless many were the sighs of disappointed ambition and slighted service which broke from Wolsey's burdened heart at Carwood. However familiar the story, however often repeated the melancholy tale, it never fails to awake our sympathy for the hoary head once lifted so high, now sunk so low, with the vain wish that his God had been as faithfully served as his fitful, despotic king. Surely, amongst all the great lessons which stand out on the page of history, none is more strongly marked than this, that God's service is alone perfect freedom; all other yokes are heavy, and grievous to be borne, though gilded and jewelled, and sometimes of dazzling brightness in the eyes of youth and the full prime of manhood. But change and decay and advancing age come, and then how thrice blessed are those who have bent their necks in early days to the easy yoke of the King of

kings, and have served Him *first*, and others for His sake.

When you visit York Cathedral you will be struck with the great length of the building. Externally it measures 519 feet, and the width of the west front is 100 feet. The situation of the Cathedral is low and confined, but the view of it from the ramparts of the city is most imposing. The west front is very beautiful, and the window is worthy of notice as a perfect specimen of the leafy tracery that marks the architecture of the fourteenth century. Almost the whole of the front is richly ornamented, and over the door is a figure of Archbishop Melton. On one side of the Archbishop stands the statue of a Lord Percy, who was a generous contributor to the building fund of the Cathedral, and is represented as holding a piece of unhewn wood in his hand. On the other side stands that of Lord Vavasour, holding a rough block of stone, which also represents his benefactions to the Church.

The tall and beautiful windows in the north transept are called the Five Sisters; and the east

window, which the historian Drake calls a wonder of the world for masonry and glazing, is divided into compartments, each of which contain a representation of an event in history. It was begun to be glazed in 1405, at the expense of the Dean and Chapter, who contracted with John Thomson of Coventry, a glazier of repute, to execute the commission. For his work he was to receive four shillings a week, and finish the whole in three years!

There is an interesting screen which you should notice. It contains statues of the kings of England from William I. to Henry V., and also that of James I., which was placed in a vacant niche when he visited the Cathedral. Sanson has prettily said of the Chapter-house, "that it is amongst houses as a rose amongst flowers." And it is indeed a noble room, of an octagonal form, the roof unsupported by a pillar.

Some of the old monuments in the Cathedral are very beautiful. One of Archbishop Walter Gray—the builder of the south transept—is a splendid relic of the thirteenth century. There

is also a fine statue of the young Prince William de Hatfield, the second son of Edward III., the brother of the Black Prince. But many of the best monuments were ruthlessly defaced by Cromwell's soldiers, and destroyed by the late fires.

There is an old chair in the Cathedral which was used by the Archbishops at their consecration, and in which several Saxon kings were crowned. An old chest in the vestry contains a tarnished canopy of state with golden tissue, and two wrought-silver chalices, found in an archbishop's grave. The wooden head found in Archbishop Rotheram's tomb has this curious story connected with it—that the Archbishop dying of the plague, was hurriedly and unceremoniously buried, and that afterwards a wooden image of the prelate was committed to the grave with all due form and solemnity. Amongst other relics of the past, you will see an ivory drinking-horn, curiously carved, of which Camden gives this account from an old historian. "The horn belonged to Ulpheus, the son of Joraldus, who

governed in very early times the western part of Deira. It seems that Ulpheus had reason to dread that a quarrel would at his death take place between his elder and younger sons about their inheritance. He therefore wisely determined to make them both equal without delay. He went to York, and taking the horn from which he was wont to drink, he filled it with wine, and kneeling before the altar in the church, bestowed upon God and St. Peter all his lands! This was a common mode of making over estates by our Saxon ancestors, with no form of *writing*, or what we should call "making a will." By this very horn of Ulpheus the Chapter still holds estates of great value, a little way out of York; and these are yet called 'Terra Ulphei.'

Before the Reformation, York is said to have possessed many precious relics, too numerous to be set down here—bones of St. Peter, thorns from the crown of our Blessed Lord, a tooth of St. Apollonia, besides jewels, gold and silver vessels, rich vestments and copes, mitres of great value—one a small one, set with precious stones, for the Boy

Bishop ; pastoral staffs, rings, and chalices without number. *Where* all these things departed at the time of the Reformation Henry VIII. knew best !

Fire, as I have told you, repeatedly destroyed the earlier churches of York. Strange to say, in very recent times the same destructive element has done its work on the Cathedral. In the month of February 1829, Jonathan Martin, a maniac, hid himself in the Cathedral one Sunday after morning service. He himself afterwards told how he was concealed in the belfry, singing hymns, till the clock struck half-past one. When he got to the choir door, he found it locked, which difficulty he seems to have anticipated, for he had cut down one of the bell-ropes to assist him in his dreadful scheme. By means of this cord he got to the top of the door, which does not close to the roof, and let himself down on the inside. Truly there was method in this madness ; for Martin told that he deliberately piled all the books and cushions in two heaps, set fire to one near the throne, to the other near the organ, cutting off all the gold lace from the pulpit-hangings with his



razor, and all the velvet he could get at. The fires were lighted about half-past two o'clock—the one near the throne burned fast, the other very slowly. The unhappy man stayed to watch the fire till three o'clock, when he made off, as at that time the flames were discovered. Martin was arrested, however, and tried, but acquitted on the ground of insanity. He died in a lunatic asylum in October 1838. He seems for a long time to have had wild notions floating in his brain, and declared he had had two remarkable dreams, which made it clear to him that he should destroy the Minster by fire. At this time the roof of the choir, 222 feet long, was destroyed, the organ burned, the walls greatly injured, as was the altar-screen, and the communion-plate was melted. In 1840, only eleven years after Martin's mad act, a careless workman employed in some repairs left a lighted candle in the Minster, and by nine o'clock the same evening the south tower was discovered to be in flames. By midnight the whole of the tower was destroyed and the roof of the nave had given way.

Leaving the Cathedral, we find but a few scanty relics of the Archbishop's Palace on the north side, which was rebuilt by Archbishop Roger at the close of the twelfth century. William Rufus completed a monastery which had been begun by Siward, the Danish Earl of Northumberland, without the town of York, on a rising ground which slopes to the Ouse, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. At the dissolution of the monasteries it was doomed to destruction; and in 1827 the ground on which the Abbey once stood was granted by the Crown to the Yorkshire Philosophical Society for botanical gardens and for the site of a museum. When the foundations of the museum were dug, many beautiful sculptured ornaments of the church and monastery were brought to light and placed in the museum. In the gardens, the fine ruins of the old church wake many memories of a time gone by.

York, from its earliest foundation, has been a fortified city. In the time of William I. the walls enclosed two castles, and they are still of great thickness and extent. There are four principal gates

or bars, and two new entrances to the city have been made of late years through the ramparts.

Seventy years ago every street in York possessed some interesting specimens of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; but the overhanging and richly-ornamented fronts of the old houses have given way to plain brick-and-mortar work, and few buildings except the churches remain which are worthy of notice.

The Collegiate School was founded in the eighth century, and here Alcuin, the friend of Charlemagne, and tutor of his family, was trained.

York has been the scene of many events memorable in history. The fierce despotic rule of the Normans was so heavily felt here that, according to old William of Malmesbury, the city lay as one dead, so completely was it ruined by the Conqueror's soldiers,—and the country between York and Durham was devastated and laid waste. About this time a tribe of Jews settled in York, and their descendants were amongst those who suffered most cruelly in the reigns of Richard Cœur de Lion and his brother John. Richard, it seems, issued orders

that none of the despised and hated race of Israel should appear at his coronation, fearing their sorcery or some sinister purpose. The Jews seem to have braved this decree, and invitations were sent from London by the most influential of their people there to their brethren in other parts of England to come and see for themselves the great ceremonial that was at hand. Two rich Jew merchants and usurers of York, Benedict and Jocinas, accordingly set forth with a great train for London, and mixed with the crowd on the day of the coronation. The poor Jews had better have stayed at home. They were discovered and most shamefully treated—thrust into a church, where baptism was forced upon Benedict, in spite of his loud declarations that he was still a Jew at heart. The persecution of this despised people now extended to many places—to Norwich and Stamford amongst the rest. Their houses were broken into and mercilessly plundered; they were killed in great numbers, and there were none to rise up in their defence.

Richard, when he heard of the massacre extend-

ing so seriously, issued a proclamation to stop it, but in vain. Also when he departed to the Crusades, he left orders for the protection of the Jews, which were little regarded at York.

A sad story is told of a wild, stormy night, 11th March 1190, when a fire broke out in the old city, and raged fiercely amongst the wooden houses in the narrow streets. The good people of York, though fire and flame were no unusual sights to them, were terror-stricken. Those whose property was not in danger went forth to help the sufferers ; but in the meantime Benedict's house was treacherously entered and his whole family murdered. Benedict himself was dead, or, as his mourning people expressed it, "safe in the bosom of Abraham." But Jocinas, the companion of his journey to the coronation, was yet alive. Jocinas had enormous wealth, and when the report reached him that Benedict's house had been broken into, he locked up his treasures, and, with the governor's permission, hurried into York Castle. The robbers, who had had throughout an eye upon the rich Jew's house, when they found where he



YORK.  
(MASSACRE OF THE JEWS).

2. The following table shows the results of the survey.

3. The following table shows the results of the survey.

4.

5.

had escaped to, were enraged and infuriated. The governor had mercifully sheltered many other Jews in the royal fortress, and refused to give them up into the hands of the cruel men without. At last the High Sheriff was so worked upon by the importunities and demands of the plunderous band, that he actually ordered a writ to be issued for the siege of the Castle. Terrible indeed was the consternation which this order spread amongst the Jews. A council was called, and a Rabbi of great authority stood up and advised that rather than fall into the Christians' hands they should kill each other, having first destroyed all their treasures. "*Christians' hands!*" Alas! how grievous it is when that holy name by which the Church is called is so belied, and the spirit of those who bear it is so adverse to His who, when hanging on the cruel cross, forgave those who, as St. Stephen said, were His murderers and betrayers. These fearful deeds of cruelty and oppression which the Jews then received at the hands of the people of England were committed in times very different from our own. Ignorance and superstition reigned



amongst the mass of the poorer classes, and though there was ever a bright, pure stream of faith running like a silver thread amidst the darkness—a stream whence many a weary one found strength and help in all the varied needs of life and death—there was not the simple teaching which the poorest village child may now enjoy. No effort was made to bring the great realities of the Word of God and the beauty of the Gospel story to bear upon every incident and every act of the pilgrim-journey through this troublesome world to the heavenly kingdom.

Let us not turn away from scenes like these without a feeling of thankfulness that we live in happier times, of more advanced civilisation, and more advanced knowledge. Let us see to it that we walk worthy of the Holy Name by which we are called in all meekness and gentleness—Christians in deed, not only in word; Christians of whom it may be said, "See how they love one another!"

The Rabbi's advice was well received, and every Jew within the castle walls prepared to die.

Jocinas acted the first scene in this dreadful tragedy, and cut the throats of his own wife and child. His example was speedily followed by others, and the dying and the dead lay around, smitten by the hands of those who now were powerless to protect them from the ruthless enemy.

The castle had previously been fired, and a few Jews, who clung desperately to the hope of life, vainly tried to quench the flames, while others threw down the dead bodies of those they loved to the besiegers and entreated for mercy. Some fainting hearts even promising to become Christians if only life were spared, the castle gates were thrown open. Alas! no sooner was this done, than the angry crowd rushed in, and immediately every Jew was slain, fifteen hundred in all.

York, for some reason, still remained a favourite dwelling-place of the Jews after this massacre. They continued to settle there as rich usurers till the reign of Edward V., when they were finally expelled.

A royal marriage was celebrated in the Cathedral on Christmas Day 1251, when Henry III.'s young daughter, Margaret, was married to Alexander III. of Scotland, in the presence of all the peers of the realm; and if it was a merry, it was also a costly Christmas to the Archbishop, and the appetites of the guests must have been enormous; for we are told, for the first course of the banquet fifty fat oxen were roasted and served! So much for the roast-beef of Old England in the thirteenth century.

LONDON.

*Bishopric founded 604.*

THE SILENT HIGHWAY—THE BRIDGE—THE TOWER—ST  
PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—ST. PAUL'S CROSS—ST. PAUL'S  
SCHOOL—THE GREAT FIRE.

THE origin of all great towns and of great nations is always wrapped more or less in mystery and fable, and the stories as to the foundation of London are not less numerous than unlikely.

That it was known to the Romans, the number of coins, urns, and fragments of pavement discovered, abundantly prove, although it is very doubtful whether it attained to any remarkable celebrity before the Norman conquest.

One of the most ancient pictorial representations which we possess of the British capital—not so constituted till Alfred's time—is to be found in a manuscript in the British Museum, consisting of various poems illustrated by a captive in the Tower, and copied in the reign of King Henry VI.

The illuminations are of a very much earlier date, and show the old city with its fine taper-spired cathedral, its many quaint churches, and gabled houses. These mediæval poets and historians deal too much in the marvellous and improbable for us to place much reliance on their statements; as, for instance, when Gower, a celebrated poet of Richard II.'s time, gravely assures us that the Tower was founded by the Trojan Brute, and was built after the likeness of ancient Troy; and another old tract asserts that London was considerably older than Rome. William Fitzstephen, who died in 1191, has left us a really valuable description of London in Latin, and from this we will take an extract, as from a reliable source. Fitzstephen says in his Chronicle:—"The wall of the city is high and

great, continued with seven gates, which are made double, and on the north are distinguished with turrets.\* Likewise on the south, London has been closed with *walls and towers*; but the large river Thames, which ebbs and flows, well stored with fish, has, by continuance of time, washed away and cast down those walls." In 1052, this chronicler tells us, Earl Godwin with his navy assailed the walls, and in a hundred and fifty years more they were gone.

We will begin our view of London on the Thames, that great friend to the metropolis, without whose aid the city would never have risen to its present state of prosperity and riches. London without the Thames seems indeed so strange an anomaly, that we can well understand the old

---

\* The latest Roman wall of which we can find traces runs from the Tower to Bishopsgate, along what is still called London Wall, to Fore Street, through the present Cripplegate Churchyard, Castle Street, to Aldersgate Street, where, making an angle, it passes through Christ's Hospital and Ludgate down to the Thames, which it skirted all the way to the Tower.

The whole city was walled in on the water side as well as on the others.

Alderman's facetious remark to Queen Mary, when, in a little quarrel with the good citizens, she threatened to remove the Court and Parliament to Oxford, "Does your Majesty intend to divert the river Thames from London or not?" the Alderman asked; "because, may it please your Majesty, we shall do well enough at London while we have the river, whatever becomes of the Parliament."

The Thames, besides its great use for purposes of merchandise, answering as it did the same purposes as the great railways for goods in the present day, was the principal thoroughfare of the Londoners for several centuries, and a most important one it was. For scenes on the water highway of the city, as described by many historians, we will again quote our friend Fitzstephen, who was one of the most amusing and circumstantial of all old chroniclers.

"In Easter holidays," he says, "the London folk fight battles on the water. A shield is hanged up to a pole fixed in the midst of the stream. A boat is made ready without oars, and in the fore part

standeth a young man ready to give charge upon the shield with his lance. If so be that he break the lance and doth not fall into the water (which, as the boat is violently forced by the tide, there is a chance), he is thought to have performed a right worthy deed. If so be, without breaking his lance, he runneth against the shield, down he falleth into the water; but on each side of the shield ride two boats furnished with two young men, which recover him that falleth. On the bridge, wharf, and houses stand great numbers to see and laugh thereat."

A sport similar in character to this, which delighted young London in the olden time, is now practised on some parts of the Rhine and Seine by watermen of the present day.

Four centuries later, Stow, the London antiquary and historian, describes a similar game, which was, in fact, a kind of water-quintain.

Southwark was in those days a great resort for summer excursionists, who went there in flocks on very fine days to the small theatres and bear-gardens. Queen Elizabeth was so fond of watch-



ing a bear-baiting that she took the French Ambassador on one occasion to watch the sport in the bear-garden at Southwark, "that he might see with his own eyes," she said, "the mighty courage of English bulldogs!"

From the date of Fitzstephen's narrative to the era of Gower's life, the water traffic yearly increased, and the river was crowded with boats, wherries, and barges of all sorts and sizes. Palaces began to rise on its banks, courts of law were established at Westminster, and the citizens of London, as well as strangers and visitors, were continually plying backwards and forwards on the stream, preferring the easy motion of the boat to the jostling and jolting, crowding and bustling, of the road leading from Westminster to Charing—then a mere village—and so on to London.

A curious picture of city life and traffic is given in a poem of Henry V.'s reign by a certain John Lydgate, a monk, who wrote many other poems and ballads, and was thought a great man in his day. The ballad tells the story of a poor Kentish youth who came up to London from the country

to get redress in a matter which involved a consultation with gentlemen of the law. Then, as now, this consultation appears to have been a lengthy and costly process, and the youth not being able to find money to carry on the suit, his troubles and distresses are set forth by Lydgate in a quaint, amusing style.

The London watermen were a musical race, and their oars kept time to harmony, which, if not so perfect as those of the Venetian gondoliers, was full of the heart of Merrie England. "Heave and how rumbelow," was their universal chorus. Nor was the Thames without its own particular poet in "jolly John Taylor," born and bred to the water, who found time, as he glided along the stream in his barge, to court the Muses, and has made a very curious collection of poetical tracts and ballads, dated 1630.

In John Taylor's time there was only one way of crossing the Thames by land, and that was by London Bridge. So you may suppose that Taylor and his fellow-watermen drove a flourishing trade.

John Taylor sang the praises of Father Thames most heartily when he said—

“ But noble Thames, while I can hold a pen,  
I will divulge thy glory unto men ;  
Thou, in the morning when my coin is scant,  
Before the evening doth supply my want.”

But the palmy days of the Thames watermen were even now drawing to a close. In a tract, published in 1662, Taylor's strain is rather one of lament than exultation—

“ When Queen Elizabeth came to the crown,”

he says,

“ A coach in England scarce was known ;”

and adds—

“ It is not fit that fulsome madames and new squires  
Should fill the streets in pomp at their desires,  
Till almost all the streets are choked outright,  
Where men can hardly pass from morn to night,  
Whilst watermen want work.”

He then draws a contrast in prose between the turmoil of the streets and the quiet of his own highway.

“ I pray you, look,” writes the water-poet,

"unto the streets, and chambers, and lodgings in Fleet Street and the Strand, how they are pestered with coaches after a masque or play at court; where even the very earth trembles and quakes, the casements shatter, tatter, and clatter"—Taylor sacrifices sense to rhyme here—"and such a confused noise is made that one can neither sleep, speak, hear, write; no, nor eat his dinner or supper quiet for them."

Taylor's complaints remind us of the doleful forebodings of fifty years ago, when railways began to come into general use, and prophets arose who foretold great evil from the discovery of the steam-engine, and encouraged postillions, postmasters, stage-coachmen, and their proprietors to make their moan over the days which were no more.

But the everflowing stream of progress rolls on and bears us with it. Like the noble river on which Taylor plied his craft and sang his songs, it cannot be stayed by the hand of man, though it obeys the law of Him in whose hands are all the generations of the children of men. What

would John Taylor, and many of later days than his, say, if they could see that noble stretch along the riverside we call the Thames Embankment, where the waste places have indeed been made fruitful in bearing health and vigour to those who, escaping from crowded thoroughfares in the teeming city's depths, can in a few minutes breathe fresh air, and look upon one of the grandest views of churches and palaces of ancient and modern days to be seen in any country in the world?

The chroniclers of olden times make many interesting allusions to the great river. Hall, who wrote of the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., and the two last Henrys, gives a particularly striking picture of the Thames in the story of the Archbishop of York, who left Edward IV.'s widow, Elizabeth Woodville, seated alone in the Sanctuary of Westminster, all desolate and dismayed, and returning home to York Place in the dawning of the day, he opened his windows and looked out on the river to see it covered with the servants of the Duke of Gloucester, watching

that no person should go to the Sanctuary and none pass by unnoticed.\*

Then we have Cavendish's account of his master, the great Cardinal Wolsey, hurrying to and fro on the Thames highway at the time that Henry VIII. was so anxious to obtain a divorce from his faithful Queen, Katherine of Aragon. The court was then seated at Blackfriars, and between that place and Westminster messengers were going and coming all the day long. At the coronation of Elizabeth, the mother of Henry VIII., the river is described as presenting a

---

\* Edward IV. left an inheritance of sorrow to his young son, the king of the shortest reign in our annals. On the accession of Edward V. his mother fled into a part of the precincts of Westminster called the 'Sanctuary,' taking with her the Duke of York, a child of seven, and her fair daughter. Archbishop Rotherham's description of the sorrowful Queen, according to Hollinshed, from whom Hall only slightly differs, is simple and pathetic. He says—"I found about the Queen much heaviness, rumble, haste, and business; carriage and conveyance of her stuff into sanctuaries, chests, packs, coffers, fardels" (fardel means bundle, from *fardeau*), "trussed on men's backs, no man unoccupied; some lading, some going, some unlading, some going for more. The Queen herself sat alone, low on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed.

very gay scene, for she came from the Tower to Westminster attended by grand barges freshly furnished with streamers and banners of silk.

In 1536 Hale, who wrote at this period, describes the river as frozen over, which for the time put a stop to the watermen's trade, and says that Henry and his new Queen Jane were therefore compelled to ride through the city to Greenwich.

A barge was ever waiting on royalty in olden times, and boats were ever moving household stuff to or from the palaces of Greenwich, Westminster, and beautiful Richmond.

We may picture the great Elizabeth moving along in all the pomp she loved, for she greatly preferred these river processions to the jolting and rumbling of the coach which Taylor so pathetically describes. Queen Elizabeth's barges were very gay, manned with watermen richly attired in the royal liveries, and displaying the banners of England.

Courtiers in splendid dresses accompanied the Queen, and plied her with the flattery she loved so well. In her days, the banks of the Thames



LONDON.  
(ROYAL BARGE AND OLD LONDON BRIDGE).





were studded with noblemen's palaces, each one having its private landing-stage and retinue of barges, which, in the upper classes of the sixteenth century, held as important a place as the horses and stables of the nineteenth century do now in the establishments of the nobility. In James I.'s reign, the Thames is still described as picturesque, and the Strand boasted of wide gardens and green lawns sloping down to the water's edge; lofty trees, in which the summer birds sang pleasantly, embattled turrets and high walls, while beautiful snowy swans floated majestically—a chronicler tells us—in great flocks in 1552.

But the memories of the Thames of old days are not all of pageants and gay dresses, of banners waving in the breeze, or courtiers singing love ditties to the queens and princesses. Many sad hearts has the broad river borne upon its stately waters. This silent highway might have justly been called the River of Life, for it was the road from the hall of trial at Westminster to the scene of imprisonment in the gloomy Tower. Time would fail to tell the names of half those sad

prisoners who were borne along the river when hope had died out of hearts once blythe and joyous, when sad, betrayed women like Anne Boleyn, noble, high-souled men like Sir Thomas More, and broken-spirited adventurers like the brave, courtly Raleigh, saw passing before their eyes for the last time the beautiful mansions of the rich and noble as in a dream, and knew that for them the gloomy shadow of the Tower and the dark cold valley of death was the only future this life had to show. But, beyond and above these, may we not hope and believe many passed to the banks of that river which maketh glad—the city of our God!

In 1688, on a cold winter's night, we read of an open boat tossed on the troubled waters of the Thames, for the weather was squally and gusty. In this boat sat a pale, tender woman, pressing to her breast a helpless infant—the son of a king, but never to sit on the throne of his fathers, and to be known to succeeding generations by no nobler name than the Pretender. The baby rocking in this boat on the troubled waters of the river

is James Francis Edward, the little Prince of Wales, the son of James II. and Mary Beatrice of Modena. From that time the child led a life of exile, varied in after-years by fruitless efforts to obtain the crown, which, doubtless, was his by right, and his son, Charles Edward, experienced similar troubles and disappointments in a struggle in which much loyal blood was shed, for those who, alas! were personally little worthy of such devotion.

The Restoration ushered in great changes on the Thames banks as well as in London streets. Old theatres were swept away, and instead of beautiful gardens sloping down to the water, were wharfs, warehouses, and coal barges, and what the hand of man had spared the flames of the Great Fire soon swept away, so that London was indeed an altered city.

In 1756 Westminster Bridge was erected; but twenty years passed by before London could count six passages across the river, so that ferry boats still plied, and the successors of

"jolly John Taylor" had as yet a trade on the Thames.

The Thames of to-day is indeed different to the Thames of John Taylor. Busy steamers are darting hither and thither on the no longer silent highway with ceaseless activity, ever coming and going with their crowded freight of passengers for longer or shorter cruises, some of them, large and commodious, are bound for fair and beautiful Richmond or stately Hampton Court, where the stories of the past are abundant, and the whole air is thick with memories of other days.

Surely it quickens the interest of to-day if we can realise the events of yesterday; and those who read in that view from one of the London Bridges a page from the history of the past, have a pleasure which those who are absorbed only in the present cannot know.

The Tower adds to these many a noble name and deed of chivalry, many a tale of darkness and woe, which sends back a thrill of sympathy for those who need it now no more.

From London Bridge St. Paul's Cathedral is

seen to greater advantage than from any other point; and there is also the Monument, recalling the fearful days of pestilence which were followed by the Great Fire. Countless church towers rise in all directions; tall warehouses and crowded wharfs are ever-increasing signs of ever-increasing commerce and prosperity. And from Westminster Bridge how noble is the view of the Houses of Parliament, where statesmen and rulers hold their deliberations! yet the hoary towers of Westminster Abbey seem to remind us how they keep guard over the dead of many generations, lying quiet and still, at rest for ever from all earthly labour, and that the places of those in these very Houses of Parliament will soon know them no more.

St. Thomas's Hospital and the great Embankment are also seen from this point; and the whole forms a *coup d'œil* almost unrivalled for grandeur of outline, and full of a charm of association with the past and interest in the present, which can scarcely be sufficiently appreciated.

## LONDON BRIDGE.

London Bridge has many chroniclers, some of them amusing, and some tedious and dull. A Saxon Chronicle gives at length many particulars of the *battle of London Bridge*, which appears to have first brought the locality into notice. We will pass over a great many tiresome details, telling how the Danes were defeated, and their stronghold, the bridge, destroyed; though there is no good authority for believing that any bridge spanned the Thames in 993, when Anlaf or Olave of Norway sailed up the river with a large fleet.

A few years later there certainly was a bridge over the Thames, if we may believe an old Icelandic historian named Sturleson, who wrote in the thirteenth century, and has preserved for us the history of the battle of London Bridge, fought in 1008 under the unhappy rule of Ethelred the Unready, whom the Danes were never tired of tormenting, and who when they came was never prepared to resist them. They had on this occasion possession of Sudwrikre, or Southwark,

on the opposite bank; and in this year, 1008, Ethelred, assisted by the Norwegian Olave, a baptized Christian, his former foe but now fast friend, collected a great army. The bridge was large enough at this time to allow of two carriages passing one another, and defences, turrets, and bulwarks, were erected there, filled of course with the ferocious Danes.

Olaf earned for himself a place in the Calendar from that time, for we find in the diocese of London no less than three noted churches dedicated to St. Olaf or Olave. The bridge, which fell in the battle, was doubtless made of wood, and was replaced by one of the same material in 1016; for on the invasion of Canute we find that a bridge existed. Stowe, the antiquary, gives this version of the foundation of the bridge from the report of a certain Bartholomew Tinler, the last Prior of St. Mary Overies in Southwark:—

“A ferry being formerly kept in the place where now the bridge stands, at length the ferryman and his wife dying, left the same ferry to their only daughter, Mary, who with the profits arising



thence builded an house of sisters, in place whereof now stand<sup>s</sup> St. Mary Overies Church, into the which house she still gave the profits and oversight of the ferry. But after the said house of sisters being converted into a college of priests, these priests builded a bridge of timber, till by the aid of the citizens of London one was erected of stone. London Bridge is named in the charter granted by the Conqueror to the monks of Westminster in 1067. In 1091 the bridge was swept away by a tremendous storm, but was soon restored by William Rufus.

In 1136 it was destroyed by fire, beginning in the house of one Ailward, who lived near,—a fire which spread and laid the city in ruins from St. Paul's to Aldgate. The first stone bridge was not completed till 1209. There was at this time so heavy a tax laid on wool, to defray the expenses of the erection, that it became a saying that "London Bridge was built on woolpacks." In course of time London Bridge became a continued street, built on both sides, with the exception of three gaps at unequal distances, from which there

were peeps of the river. A chapel dedicated to Thomas à Becket stood on the east side over the central pier, and was used for worship until the Reformation. Between the chapel and Southwark one of the arches was formed by a drawbridge; and at the north end of the opening was a tower, on the front and top of which the heads of people beheaded for high treason were exposed, until the tower gave place to a curious building of wood. From thence the heads of Llewellen, the last of the Welsh princes, the brave Wallace, the bold favourite, Hugh Despenser, and many other heroes and ruffians, looked down upon the gay and busy crowd below. The barbarous custom of exhibiting the heads of traitors on London Bridge was not entirely discontinued until the Restoration, when the skulls of many of those who had taken part against Charles I. were savagely torn from the grave, and stuck up on the bridge to be seen by the passers-by. There in earlier days had been seen the venerable heads of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and of Sir Thomas More, and many, many others; exhibited, with what seems to us

inconceivable barbarity, to the gaze of the multitude who passed by. In unquiet times the fall of the city depended in a great measure upon the possession of the bridge and its defences; for in the rebellion of 1381, and in Cade's rebellion in 1450, London was lost and saved as often as the ringleaders became masters of the bridge, or were driven from it.

In 1577, when the old tower was removed, the ghastly heads were also taken away and stuck up on spikes at the foot of the bridge, thence called Traitor's Gate.

Peter of Colechurch, who had already built a bridge of wood, was, it is believed, the architect of the first stone erection across the Thames. He was curate of St. Mary Colechurch, at the south end of the alley called Grocer's Alley, near the Psaltry, a church noted for being the scene of Thomas à Becket's baptism.

Peter died in 1205, and never saw the full completion of his work, which, when hardly finished, in 1212, suffered considerably from fire, and some three thousand people who had collected on the spot

were greatly injured and many perished. In 1281 four arches were carried away by an unusual swell occasioned by the breaking up of a severe frost; and in 1437 the great stone gate fell. Again, in 1633, a fire broke out at the house of Mr. Briggs, a needlemaker, near St. Magnus's Church, and forty-three houses fell. In 1757 the houses on the bridge began to disappear, but as lately as 1766 the gate at the Southwark end was standing. It was time, however, that London Bridge should entirely free itself from its load of buildings. The traffic increased so much that the confusion was at times terrible to the inhabitants, the widest part of the bridge being but twenty feet wide, and in some places only twelve. Many needle and pin makers, besides haberdashers and sellers of smallwares, dwelt in this part of London, and our industrious ancestresses, who made great use of needles, and were wont to lay in large stocks for home consumption, drove up hither in their ponderous carriages for the purpose of making their purchases. Shoemakers, hat-sellers, man-milliners, glovers, distillers, and booksellers too,

had their shops on London Bridge, and the list of their names has been preserved after the fire of 1633. Each shop in those days had its sign, and what a creaking must those numerous sign-boards have made when a high wind blew up the river across the bridge! Publishers, too, set up their houses in this locality. One of these gentlemen had for his sign "The Three Bibles," another "The Angel," and a third "The Looking-Glass." London Bridge was then a miniature of a future Paternoster Row. John Allan, a hairdresser, put out for his sign "The Lock of Hair," and gave notice that he sold all kinds of hair, curled or uncurled, bags, roses, cauls, ribbons, weaving and sewing silks, at the lowest prices. The grocer's sign was a "Sugar Loaf," the distiller's a "Tun;" and all dangled, and hung, and creaked at once, so that London Bridge was noisy enough, but, nevertheless, dear as a home to the inhabitants who lived upon it.

Time passed on, and Nonsuch House and Becket's Chapel were turned into shops and dwelling-houses. The last occupants of the chapel were a Mr. Gill

and Mr. Wright, who used the lower parts as a paper warehouse.

In the sterlings of the long pier on which the chapel principally stood were the remains of a fishpond with a grating over it; and an old woman was alive, Mr. Knight says, in 1827, who remembered living as servant on London Bridge, and seeing people go down into the chapel to catch the fish carried into the pond by the tide. Hans Holbein, the great Dutch painter of the time of Henry VIII., lodged and had his studio here, and Horace Walpole tells that the father of the Lord Treasurer Oxford one day sheltered from a shower of rain in a goldsmith's shop, where he saw a picture of Holbein and his family, for which he offered £100. The goldsmith accepted the offer, but asked permission to keep the picture for a few days to show his friends. The destructive fire broke out a week afterwards, and the picture perished.

The "Colloquies of Edward Osborne," by the author of the "Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," give a very pretty and interesting picture of those times, and are well worth

reading in connection with these memories of London Bridge. The story of Edward Osborne is founded on fact, and tells how Sir William Hewet, a rich clockmaker, who lived on the bridge, had an only child, a little girl. One day she was standing at an open window in her father's house, and the maid-servant who had the charge of her, thinking more of the busy scene below than of the child, let her fall over into the river. The apprentice, Edward Osborne, heard the splash from his workshop, and heroically leaped into the water from a considerable height and rescued the child from drowning. Sir William Hewet, in grateful acknowledgment of his daughter's preservation, gave her in after years with a handsome dowry to Edward Osborne.

Henry V., the conqueror of Agincourt, passed along London Bridge in his triumphal entry into the city after his great victory. Seven years later his splendid funeral procession moved along over the same bridge. His body was, we are told, on its return from France, "laid on a chariot drawn by four horses, and above the carriage lay a figure

made of boiled hides to represent his person, painted like a living creature, on whose head was a diadem of gold and precious stones, and on the body a purple robe furred with ermine." We can fancy children peeping from the windows of the houses on London Bridge must have thought they were looking on the body of the real king !

Wolsey's grand procession passed over London Bridge when, in the height of his glory, he departed on the French embassy. He travelled on a mule trapped with crimson velvet, and before him were borne two great silver crosses, two great pillars of silver, the great seal of England, and the cardinal's hat.

On Friday, May 29, 1660, London Bridge rang with shouts and joyful acclamations. The civil war, the Protector's rule, and the banishment of the Stuart princes, were over. Charles II., having arrived at Southwark at three in the afternoon, crossed the bridge with a triumphant train on horseback. On either side rode his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester. But Peter of Colechurch's bridge was even then mouldering and



decaying, and vain efforts were made to prop it up. Suggestions were made to replace it with a new one, but the Londoners loved the old wood, and long rejected the proposal; though the more advanced reformers amongst the citizens called for another bridge, especially as the Westminster folk had by this time been favoured with a new one.

It was not till 1754 that every house was removed; and slowly and reluctantly did the citizens see their old friend vanishing from the well-known spot, and the old order giving place to the new.

Blackfriar's Bridge was built, and yet they continued to patch and repair, until, in 1825, the first stone of the present bridge was laid, and in 1831 was completed and opened, with all due form and ceremony, by William IV. and Queen Adelaide in person. Perhaps, as you pass over the present busy bustling thoroughfare, you may give good Peter Colechurch a thought, and recall some of the stories of old London Bridge which I have told you.

The Church of St. Mary Overies, generally known as that of St. Saviour's, Southwark, deserves our notice. It is believed to have been dedicated to that Mary, the ferryman's daughter, whom we have already mentioned.

The word "Overie" has been differently explained, either as signifying "O' the ferry," or "Over rhe," a Saxon word for river.

The church was greatly dilapidated in the fourteenth century, when Gower the poet contributed largely to its restoration.

He was married here in 1397 by the celebrated William of Wickham, and here his bones and those of his wife rest. His monument may still be seen in the south transept, with that of his wife. The inscription is as follows, in Norman French :—

" In Thee who art the Son of God, the Father,  
Be we saved that lies beneath this stone :  
O good Jesu, shew Thy mercy  
To the soul whose body lies here :  
For Thy pity, Jesu, have regard,  
And put this soul in safe keeping."

On the front of the monument we read :—"Here

lies John Gower, Esq., a celebrated English poet, also a benefactor to this sacred edifice in the time of Edward the Third and Richard the Second."

The three gilded volumes supporting the head of the effigy bear the titles of his works, of which only the last, "*Confessio Amantis*," has been printed. In the last four or five years of his life, Gower, like Milton, was totally blind, and he was, according to his pathetic complaint—

"Condemned to suffer life devoid of light."

St. Mary Overies received the name of St. Saviour's after the Reformation and dissolution of monasteries in 1539.

Perhaps there are few parts of London more full of interesting associations than the Borough of Southwark. Here still exists, amidst all the changes and chances of time, the "*Tabard*\* Inn," where Chaucer, the father of English poets, lays the scene of the departure of the pilgrims bound for the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. The

---

\* *Tabard* means a sleeveless coat, open on both sides, winged at the shoulders, and worn by persons of rank.

ancient galleries and courtyard may be seen, though the premises are now used for very different purposes.

The dignity of the old "Tabard" is gone; but Tyrwhitt, who edited a good edition of Chaucer's works, says—"Those who are disposed to believe the pilgrimage real may support their opinion by the following inscription, still to be deciphered upon the inn now called the 'Talbot,' in the High Street of the Borough, which, as the great outlet of London to the South, formerly abounded in inns and hostelrys. There we read—'This is the inn where Sir Jeffrey Chaucer and the twenty-nine pilgrims lodged in their journey to Canterbury—Anno Domini 1383.'"

Unhappily for the lover of antiquity, this inscription is not of earlier date than last century. We learn, however, that, in 1597, this was the venerable hostelry where Chaucer and the other pilgrims met, and with Henry Parley, their host, agreed about the manner of their journey to Canterbury. In the great dining-room in the gallery was a large table at which the pil-

grims dined, and this gallery is now divided into four bedrooms, where the "Talbot" guests still sleep. The building is a curious relic of antiquity, and one of the few similar erections which the fire spared. Perhaps this quotation from Chaucer may help to fix the story of the "Tabard Inn" on the memory—

"It befelle that in that Seson on a day,  
In Southwark, at the Tabarde, as I lay,  
Ready to wenden on my pilgrimage  
To Canterbury with devoute corage,  
As night was come, into the Hostelrie,  
With nine and twenty in a compaignie,  
Of sondrie folke by aventure yfall,  
In felowshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,  
That toward Canterburie wolden ride :  
The chambres and the stables weren wide."

In Globe Alley once stood a small theatre in which the immortal Shakespeare acted the character of the Ghost in his play of "Hamlet." Between Blackfriars Bridge and Southwark, a part called Bankside, Shakespeare lived for some years. We must not linger in Southwark, but remember we have to pass by endless places of interest, and gather up some memories and historical associa-

tions with the great Cathedral of St. Paul's and the venerable relic of the Norman Gundulph, the Tower. The salient points of the Tower of London are familiar to most people in these days, and I need not enter into any minute description. Rather would I hope to awake in the minds of my young readers the pleasure of historical associations with a place which has, it may almost be said, "a story in every stone." And I may say here that these sketches of days past must be considered as suggestive rather than exhaustive, and are written in the hope of stirring rather than of satisfying inquiry, of quickening imagination and sharpening that power of realising the great events of the past, by which if read in the light of the present, we may surely gather many useful lessons.

William Rufus and Henry I. made great additions to the Tower as a stronghold, and it is in Henry I.'s reign that we first hear of it as a state prison. It was never a favourite residence of any of our kings or queens, who only kept their court here for short periods at long intervals. It is, indeed, rather as a prison than a palace that we are

accustomed to consider it. In Edward I.'s reign we read of no less than six hundred Jews confined there at one time, and after the conquest of Wales and Scotland it was speedily filled with prisoners. In Edward III.'s reign David Bruce was confined here, and John, King of France, was removed to it from Windsor for greater security.

Visitors to the Tower are not allowed time for quiet thought and liberty to walk about where they please. They must follow their beef-eater guide, and listen to his talk as he leads them through the only parts of the building open to the public. Thus there is no opportunity of standing silently and thoughtfully on the very spot where poor, gentle-hearted Henry VI. breathed out his sad life and ended his weary imprisonment; nor of seeing the place where the little Princes exchanged the sleep of innocent childhood for the sleep of death; where Anne Boleyn wrote her piteous letter to her cruel husband, dated from "hir doleful prison in the Tower;" where Fisher and More, Raleigh and Essex, lodged; or where the seven Bishops of James II.'s reign spent the

time of their imprisonment. About the armoury, and regalia, and the crown jewels, the worthy guides in their scarlet coats give every information ; but I think there is one person connected with the Tower on whom it may be interesting to dwell, taking a page from his life's history, instead of touching briefly on many others. And, indeed, his is a great name, and worthy of respect, and to be held in honour as one who could speak the truth even to a fickle, false-hearted king, when he knew that the contradiction of his will or word meant death.

Sir Thomas More was born in Milk Street, London, in 1480, and was the son of Sir John More, one of the Justices of the Court of King's Bench. He received his early education at St. Anthony's School, Threadneedle Street, and, according to the custom of the times, was placed by his father in the house of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury. The Cardinal would often say of More to the nobles and others who dined with him, "This child here waiting at table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man." Thomas More was placed at Oxford by the Cardinal, and,



when sufficiently instructed in Latin and Greek, he was sent for the study of the law of the realm to an Inn of Chancery called New Inn. It was at Oxford that his intimacy began with Erasmus. After much study of theology, More seems to have been inclined to devote himself to the Church; but he gave up the idea, probably from conscientious motives, and was shortly after called to the Bar. The following extract from "The Life of Sir Thomas More, written by his son-in-law, William Roper," will be interesting. The manuscript in the British Museum, from which it is taken, is a copy of the original at Cambridge. William Roper says:—

"Resorting to the house of one Mr. Cole, a gentleman in Essex, who had three daughters, albeit his inclinations bent to the second, who was fairest and best favoured, when he considered it would have been a great grief and some shame to the eldest to see her younger sister preferred before her, he, from a certain pity, passed his fancy to her, and soon after married her."

They then went to Bucklesbury to live, where

he had by his wife three girls and one boy—brought up with the exhortation to “take learning for meat and play for sauce.”

We cannot follow More's rise in all its details, but he appears very early in Henry VIII's reign to have arrived at some eminence, and in 1516 was made privy councillor to that monarch; and William Roper goes on to say:—

“On holy dayes, when the king had done his devotions, he was wont to send for Sir Thomas, and consult him either in astronomy, geometry, or divinity, and other whiles to have him up in the night to his leades, and there consider with him the divinities, course, and operations of the planets, and when in a merry mood would call him in before his queen to have a pleasant chat; but being too much in request at court, and being denied the favour of going home to his wife and children once a month, he began to dissemble, and give up his mirthful talk, so that neither King nor Council so greatly desired his society.”

At the death of Weston, Treasurer of the Exchequer, the office was given to Sir Thomas More,

and in the fourteenth year of Henry's reign he was made Speaker of the House of Commons. Cardinal Wolsey at this Parliament, finding himself much grieved with the garrulity of the burgesses in spreading abroad in alehouses matters of importance transacted in the House, demanded to be present and to discover if possible who were the indiscreet gossips. More's speech is characteristic:—

“Forasmuch as ye know well, my Lord Chancellor has laid lightnesse of tongue to our charge, we will receive him with his mace, pillars, poles, axes, and crosses, his hat and great seal too, to the intent that if he finde the like fault hereafter, he may be the bolder to lay the blame on those his Grace brings with him.”

Accordingly the Cardinal came, but was received in dignified silence.

The Cardinal asked question after question, but no one spoke. Then he turned to More, who reverently knelt down and excused the House, ironically saying they were abashed by so great a presence, and he too declined to reply; at which in wrath the Cardinal departed. Wolsey at once

conceived a bitter dislike to More. The contrast between the two men was indeed remarkable; the one so crafty, ambitious, and proud, the other so simple, unostentatious, and independent.

Both fell from royal favour, but the fall of one was far more to his credit than exaltation would have been; whilst, in that of Wolsey, our pity must be mingled with contempt. To show how little More trusted in the royal favour, Roper relates the following story:—

“He, the king, many a time resorted to Chelsea” where More resided, to be merry with Sir Thomas, —one day actually coming to dine unexpectedly, to the great flurry we may suppose of Mistress More—“and walked with him in a faire garden lovingly for an hour, holding his arme about his neck; at which, as soon as his Grace was gone, I, rejoicing thereat, told Sir Thomas More how happy was he whom the King so familiarly entertained, as I had never known him to do to any but Wolsey, whom I saw his Grace once walk with arm-in-arm.”

“I thank our Lorde, son William,” he said, “that

I find his Grace my very good lord. Howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof; for if my head could win him a castle in France"—there was war at that time—"it should not fail to go."

"He was a meek man," continues Roper, "and when learned men and students from Oxford or Cambridge entered into converse with him, and he found them at a disadvantage, he never was hard on them, but pleasantly changed the subject."

Roper draws a beautiful picture of the family life at Chelsea, More walking in the garden with his children in pleasant Chelsea meadows beside the quiet Thames, unlike the Thames at Chelsea now. Erasmus, too, has left no less bright accounts of the home of the Chancellor, "where all its inhabitants, male and female, applied to liberal studies and useful reading; where piety was their first care; no wrangling nor angry word in it; no one was idle."

Many of his sayings have been preserved by Roper, but we can only allow space for a few.

"If his wife or children were in trouble, he

would say, 'We may not look to go to heaven on feather-beds; it is not the way; for our Lord Himself went thither with great pain and many tribulations, and the servant may not look to be in better case than the Master.'"

On the downfall of Wolsey, More was made Chancellor, some think by way of bribing him to give his judgment in favour of the divorce from Catherine, the faithful Queen of whom Henry was weary. But the king had a man of principle to deal with,\* not a mere Court favourite now, and More steadily refused; and although Henry gave him no rest, he was firm as a rock. Then the King dissembled, angry still at heart, and More, seeing his danger if he continued in his high office, asked permission to resign the Great Seal, after holding it but three years. Gentlemen and yeomen were dismissed, the grand barge given up, and the retinue passed to other service; life at Chelsea was to be simple private life again. The family council which he called when

---

\* Mackintosh's Life of More.

his reduced circumstances were made known was a very pleasant proof of his courage at the approach of poverty. He was always cheerful, and the witty speeches which his son-in-law records him to have made, even in the cloudy season of his life, show a great buoyancy of spirit. "Madam, my Lord is gone," he said jocosely to his wife at church on the next holy day after the surrender of the Seal. Hitherto one of his gentlemen had always come to the pew to make the formal announcement of the Chancellor having left the church; but the gentlemen were dismissed now, and only the master of the house was there to take the office on himself.

The king was not content to suffer so great a man as More, however, to retire into privacy, but watched for fresh occasion of offence, and, weary of favour, bethought him of threats. The Maid of Kent was the pretext, but his refusing to take the oath of supremacy was the real affront to Henry.

It was with a heavy, foreboding heart that his wife and children saw him take boat to Lambeth,

where the oath was to be demanded. He himself seems to have been conscious of his danger, and would not suffer them to accompany him as usual to the waterside, but pulled the wicket after him and shut them in, and with Roper and four servants set forth. It was a silent passage thither, until, after a sharp struggle, he turned to Roper and said significantly, "I thank God the field is wonne;" meaning, says Roper, that love to God had conquered earthly affection.

The visit to Lambeth sealed his fate. More was committed to the Tower. Even here, and at its gloomy portals, with the Traitor's Gate before him, and full knowledge of the dark history of those prison walls,—his natural liveliness did not forsake him, for on the porter, according to custom, demanding his upper garment, he took off his cap, saying it was the uppermost he had, and wished it were better.

"My wife," continues Roper, "after a month's absence, longing to see her father, by earnest suit got leave;" at whose coming, after saying the



Seven Psalms and Litany, he said, "I believe, Meg, they think they have done me high displeasure in sending me here, but I assure thee, mine own good daughter, if it had not been for my wife and children, I would have longed ere this to put myself in a straiter lodging." Seeing three Carthusian monks led to execution from his window, he said, "Lo! seest thou, Meg, these blessed fathers are going to their death as bridegrooms to their marriage. My own Meg! what a difference between such as have spent their days in a strait, penitential, painful life like these, and those who, like thy old father, Meg, consumed their time in pleasure and ease." These lines, written with a coal, have been treasured by Roper's wife:—

"By flattering Fortune looke thou never to faire,  
Nor never so pleasantly begin to smile,  
As thou wouldst my ruin all repair;  
During my life thou shalt not me beguile.  
Trust I shall God to enter in a while  
The heavenly haven."

After the final judgment at Westminster Hall, Margaret awaited his return at the Tower

Wharf to see her father land. She hastened to him in spite of the crowd, and embraced him fervently, taking him about the neck and kissing him, and many that were present wept at the touching scene. Another week he spent in the Tower before the final execution of the sentence, and prepared for the end. Thus writes Roper:—

“His shirt of hair, not willing it to be seen, he sent to my wife with a letter writ with a coal. ‘I never liked your manner better,’ he said, ‘than when last I saw you.’”

The day of execution came, and the grey-haired ex-Chancellor was led out to die on the hill which had already been the scene of so many deaths like his. One feels almost sorry to read of the jest which even at the block passed the old man’s lips. After desiring the prayers of the people, he asked the executioner to help him to ascend, and then said, “Pluck up thy spirits, man; my neck is very short; strike not awry for the saving of thine honesty” (he had already given him an angel); and then he bade him not clip his beard, which he

said had never done treason. Then the axe fell, and the soul of Sir Thomas More was gone to his account, swelling the long list of Tower tragedies—a list which, even at the present day, makes our hearts ache. The jesting spirit on which some chroniclers comment so severely was perhaps a snare to More, but scarcely deserves Hall's censure, who hesitates whether to call him "a wise foolish, or a foolish wise man, whose learning was so mingled with taunting and mocking, that he thought nothing well-spoken except he had ministered some mocking into the communication." Erasmus, who loved More most sincerely, relates that if he could not find a joke in English he would find one in French, and even in Latin and Greek.

Shortly after his arrival in England, when dining at the Lord Mayor's, the Rotterdam scholar noticed on the other side of the table a young man of about nineteen, slender, fresh coloured, with blue eyes, coarse hands, and the right shoulder higher than the other. Jests continually dropped from his lips, and soon a sharp literary

contest arose between the English youth and the scholarly Dutchman. Erasmus, astonished at More's replies, exclaimed, "Aut tu es Morus aut nullus" (You are either More or nobody); and his companion, who it is said did not know the stranger's name, said readily, "Aut tu es Erasmus aut Diabolus" (You are either the Devil or Erasmus).

Sir Thomas More's headless body was carried to the little chapel in the Tower and buried there, where thoughts of him in all his bright, keen intellect, his warm, pure affection, his brave resistance to a tyrant's will, his tragic end, will always linger, and suggest many lessons to thoughtful minds.\*

The Cathedral Church of St. Paul's of to-day is very different to the Cathedral Church of the metropolis before the Great Fire. Then the face of London was changed, and Sir Christopher Wren began his improvements in the public buildings.

---

\* Life of Sir Thomas More, by his Great-grandson.

The early history of this cathedral is one long list of calamities by fire.

In 1083, some years after the accession of William the Norman, we read of the commencement of a magnificent pile, for the erection of which, according to Stow, a great quantity of stone was imported from Caen in Normandy; and in 1240 the consecration of the new church took place, in presence of the King, Henry III.

Although the diocese of London was formed as early as the year 604, and ranks in antiquity as the third of the Saxon Sees, we hear but little of its importance after the death of Mellitus, and the foundation of a church on the site of a heathen temple by Ethelbert.\*

The nave of the new cathedral, built of Caen stone, was very grand, but we find that the spire was of wood; and in 1315 the timber was so decayed that it became necessary to replace it by a new one, on which a new gilt ball and cross

---

\* In digging the foundations of the new cathedral, a great many ox-heads were discovered, making it probable that a heathen temple had really existed on this spot.

were erected. Segrave, Bishop of London, made a solemn deposit of bones and relics of saints in the spire, which were to plead in silent orisons for the safety of the sacred edifice, and to be a guard against the ravages of fire and tempest.

In 1344, we read of a curious clock which was given to the church, the hour-hand being that of an angel. A storm of wind and rain, accompanied by lightning, threatened the safety of the cathedral in 1444, and, but for the noble exertions of a priest at Bow, who succeeded in putting out the flames, the bones of the saints would have stood St. Paul's in little stead in the hour of need. In Queen Elizabeth's reign St. Paul's fell a victim to the carelessness of a plumber, who in 1560 left a pan of burning coals in the spire while he went to his dinner, and the whole tower was burned down. The queen subscribed one thousand gold marks and a thousand loads of timber from her forest for its restoration.

The list of fires might be extended, but we will not repeat them, till we come to the time of that gigantic conflagration which, like a flaming scourge,

swept away the terrible pestilence which had preceded it, and opened out a wider area for the dwellings of the ever-increasing population of London.

Strange was the mixture of grandeur and of poverty, luxury and coarseness, in the Middle Ages. Even as late as 1597, when the maiden Queen Elizabeth, so delicate in her sense of scent that she chid her courtiers for dirty boots and abhorred evil smells, used to go thither from time to time in state, we read that "four cartloads of dirt and filth lay at the steeple door, and within the church drunkards and idlers lay and slept on the benches!" \*

---

\* From the reign of Elizabeth to that of Charles I., the body or middle aisle of St. Paul's was the common resort of the gay and idle, politicians, newsmongers, and fashionable men. The hours for the promenade were between eleven and twelve and three and six; and the conversation of the Paul-walkers or Paul's men, as they were called, was often not of a very edifying description. The popular phrase of "dining with Duke Humphrey" was applied to those who, being too poor for a dinner, whiled away their time in the walls of the cathedral, where, tradition says, was a monument to the celebrated Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. On the destruction of St. Paul's, the favourite lounge was removed for a time to the nave of Westminster Abbey.

The conduct of people at church, even in time of service, appears to have been but moderate, to judge from some rules given at the time succeeding the Reformation.

"We think it a very necessary thing that every quorister should bring with him to church a Testament in English, and turne to every chapter as it is daily read, or some other good and godlye prayer-book, rather than spend their tyme in talke and hunting after spur-money, whereon they set their whole minds.\*

"In the upper choir, where the communion table doth stand, there is such unreverente people walking with their hattes on their heade comonly all service time."

There is also a little plain speaking from a certain John Ramsey.

"Yt is a greate disorder in the church that porters, butchers, water-berers, and who not, be suffered in especiall tyme of service to carry and recarrye, no man withstanding or gainsaying them."

---

\* Spur-money, an exaction from persons entering cathedrals booted and spurred, for which the choristers looked eagerly.



As at the time of the Reformation all chapels and chantries to saints were broken up, and their riches confiscated to the crown, while the priests they supported were expelled, the chapels were disgracefully neglected, and the Dean and Chapter appeared to forget that, although they were no longer used for service, they were still part of a building used for God's worship, and as such entitled to a decent show of respect. But the windows of these little chantries were broken; one was a mere receptacle for old stones and ladders; another for fir poles and lumber; a third was let to a glazier for a workshop; vaults were hired by carpenters and wine merchants for cellars, and warehouses were made out of the resting-places of the dead. At the time of the civil war matters grew worse. Soldiers broke down the beautiful carved stalls, and tore up the pavement and monumental brasses, chopped hands and fingers and noses from the stone effigies, destroyed whole tombs, and dug sawpits in the church.

Very soon, therefore, the cathedral where Saxon kings were buried, and many of the nobles of the

land lay in their last sleep, became a common soldiers' barrack and stable, and the Cromwellian troopers smoked and drank at the altar-tombs, and revelled in destruction and mischief. A change for the better took place at the Restoration, and there was more outward reverence shown for the houses of God in the land. After the Great Fire, Wren designed the cathedral which now raises its lofty dome above the seething, restless crowd of the toiling city.

Many associations with St. Paul's make it interesting, and several scenes stand out from the page of history which were enacted here.

In 1212 King John signed the deed of resignation of his kingdom; and when he and the Legate offered the paper at the altar of St. Paul's, the Archbishop bowed before it and protested in a loud voice against it in the name of the clergy and the people.\*

After the mysterious death of the unhappy Richard II. in Pomfret Castle, his body was con-

---

\* The particulars of this scene are told in Lingard.

veyed to St. Paul's Cathedral in a bier drawn by four black horses, and followed by four knights in black. Here it lay exposed to view for three days and nights, during which period, says Froissart, "There came in and out twenty thousand persons, men and women, to see him where he lay, his head on a black cushion and his visage open. Some had pity on him, and some had none; while one said he had long ago deserved his fate." A sad fate indeed for the son of the Black Prince whom England had loved to honour in his life, and so deeply mourned his premature death.

Henry VI. came to St. Paul's, after an imprisonment of seven years, in great state, crowned and dressed in royal robes of blue velvet, when he assisted at mass, and heard the acclamation of "God save the King."

Only a little while and the crown was again taken from the feeble king, and he lay lifeless in the Tower.

Once more he enters St. Paul's, no longer clad in royal purple, but borne in an open coffin, a

discrowned, some say a murdered, king; whilst the awe-struck priests were afraid to chant the requiem.

Shakespeare has laid a scene in St. Paul's on this occasion, where he makes Stanley say, "I came among the crowd to see the corpse of poor King Henry; 'tis a dismal sight. But yesterday I saw him in the Tower. I wonder where's Duke Richard's policy in suffering him to be exposed to view."\*

Henry VII. came to St. Paul's to return thanks after the battle of Bosworth, and here his son, Arthur, Prince of Wales, was married in great splendour to Katherine of Aragon.

George III., in later times, went in state to St. Paul's to give thanks for his recovery from illness; a short-lived blessing, for the dark cloud, which had been lifted for a little time, soon settled down on the king with impenetrable gloom.

In the memory of some of us, even of the young who read these stories of London, a great

---

\* Richard Duke of Gloucester was suspected of being Henry's murderer.

and solemn service of thanksgiving to God ascended from St. Paul's Cathedral in March 1872, when our beloved Queen went there with her son to make a public demonstration of her gratitude to the Father of Princes for sparing to her and to the nation their future king, won back from the very gates of death by the fervent prayers of a loving people.

St. Paul's Cross was the scene of many exciting and interesting scenes. It was in the churchyard—a very common place for the erection of crosses. In time a pulpit was attached to St. Paul's Cross; and as early as the reign of Henry III. we read of a bull of absolution being read from thence; and a certain Ralph Baldock then and there anathematized. In the early part of this century, a tree grew where once St. Paul's Cross stood, but that has vanished also. Stow describes the pulpit in his time as made of brass and timber, mounted upon steps of stone, and covered with lead. People who were sentenced to penance for any religious errors were doomed to stand at St. Paul's Cross during the sermon, with a bundle of faggots before them, as

a gazing-stock to the multitude; the faggots being significant of the kind of death which they had escaped.

Here it was that, in the reign of Henry VIII. the proud Cardinal Wolsey sat beneath his canopy of state, his two crosses on either side, while Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, made a sermon by command of the Pope against one Martinus Eleutherius and his works, because he erred sore against the holy faith, and denounced all as accursed who kept his works, many of which were burned during the discourse.

The celebrated St. Paul's School, founded by Dean Colet, is worthy of mention here, no less than its eminent founder.

John Colet was born in the parish of St. Anthelm, London, in 1466, and was the eldest son of Sir Henry Colet, twice Lord Mayor. After studying in Magdalen College, Oxford, he began his travels, and while abroad made the acquaintance not only of Erasmus, but of many eminent men, among whom were Grocyn, Linacre, Lilly, and Sherburne, all of whom were studying the

Greek language, at that time little known in England. In the year 1505 he was made Dean of St. Paul's, and his house became the centre of that literary movement which preceded the Reformation. Colet had in Oxford renewed his acquaintance and intimacy with Erasmus. And at Dean Colet's table many a goodly gathering of wise men was seen from time to time. Order, cleanliness, and decorum prevailed in his family and house.

This John Colet was a man of enlightenment, with much of the spirit of progress. He hesitated not to reform the abuses of the cathedral, and introduced the new practice of preaching himself upon Sundays and other festivals.

By his own and by other lectures, which he caused to be read there, he mainly assisted in raising the spirit of inquiry which led to the Reformation. In 1511, he preached before Henry on Good Friday, at the very time when the king, then a young man, had determined to invade France in person.

Colet had a spark of Christian spirit flowing in

his bosom, and spoke on this occasion with some faithfulness. He chose for his subject Christ's victory over death and the grave. "Whoever takes up arms from ambition," declared the Dean, "fights not under the standard of Christ, but of Satan. If you desire to contend against your enemies, follow Jesus Christ as your prince and captain, rather than Cæsar or Alexander."

His hearers looked at each other in astonishment, and some zealous men even talked of burning the Dean.\*

After the sermon Colet was informed that the King requested his attendance in the garden of the Franciscan monastery, and at once monks and priests crowded round the door, hoping to see their adversary led forth as a criminal.

"Let us be alone," said Henry. "Put on your cap, Mr. Dean, and let us have a walk. Cheer up! you have nothing to fear. You have spoken admirably of Christian charity, and have almost reconciled me to the King of France; yet, as the

---

\* "Dr. Colet was in trouble, and should have been burnt."—*Latimer's Sermons.*



contest is not one of choice but of necessity, I must beg of you to explain this to my people in some future sermon. Unless you do so, I fear my soldiers may misunderstand your meaning." "Colet was no John the Baptist," says D'Aubigné, and, affected by the king's condescension, he explained. The king was satisfied, and exclaimed, "Let every man have his doctor as he pleases; this man is my doctor, and I will drink his health." Henry was then young; very different in after years was his treatment of those who opposed him.

In time, however, Colet got into trouble. Setting aside the texts prescribed by the Church, he explained, like Zwingli,\* the Gospel of Matthew. "I admire the writings of the apostles," he would say, "but I forget them almost when I contemplate the wonderful majesty of Jesus Christ." A reformation, he declared, was needed, and must begin with bishops and priests. The clergy once converted, we shall proceed to the reformation of the people. Fitzjames, Bishop of London,

---

\* Zuinglius, a celebrated Swiss reformer, born in 1487, killed in battle in his office of chaplain, 1531.

a very irritable old man of eighty, was indignant. He was a poor theologian, and a slave to Dun Scotus, the subtle doctor, and he denounced the Dean to Archbishop Warham, a great friend of Colet. "What has he done?" asked Warham. "He teaches that we must not worship images," was the reply. "He translates the Lord's Prayer into English; and actually pretends that the text 'Feed my sheep' does not imply the temporal supplies the clergy draw from their flock. Besides all this," he added, with some embarrassment, "he has spoken against those who carry their manuscripts into the pulpit and read their sermons." As this was the old Bishop's practice, the Archbishop was much amused at the complaint.

The larger portion of Colet's fortune was devoted to the foundation of the school of St. Paul's, of which the learned Lilly was the first master. The boys were to be taught, free of expense, by a master, sub-master, and chaplain, and the oversight of the school was committed by the founder to the Mercers' Company. The number of children (153) was chosen in allusion to the number of fishes caught by St. Peter, and the school was

dedicated to the Child Jesus. Colet once employed his friend Erasmus, then at Oxford, to look out for a master to the schoolboys among the collegians, when he was met by the discouraging reply, "Who could bear to pass his life among a parcel of boys when he could gain his living elsewhere?" The rejoinder to the Rotterdam scholar was full of wisdom:—"The office of instructing youth in good manners and literature is honourable, and Christ Himself hath not despised that period of life which is best qualified for receiving the good, and is, as it were, the seed-plot and nursery of the state."

Here to this school, day by day, long, long ago, trudged Leland, the earliest of our English antiquaries; little John Milton, from his home at the "Spread Eagle" in Bread Street, Cheapside, carried his satchel, and went to taste the sweets of knowledge; Samuel Pepys, the celebrated gossiping diarist; Strype, the Church historian; and Churchill, the hero of Blenheim, were all pupils here. But the present building is not that which good Dean Colet built, his school having been destroyed in

the time of the Great Fire, and since then two others have been erected on the site, the present being built in 1823. Colet died in 1513, and was buried in the choir of the cathedral. He had built a handsome house for himself, whither he intended to retire, but never went to reside there.

The Monument built in commemoration of the Great Fire of London brings us to another important era in London history. It was, as you no doubt know, the fearful successor of that terrible plague which had in the previous year raged in the metropolis, and the particulars of which are well known. It broke out on the 2nd of September 1666, at a baker's shop in Pudding Lane by Fish Street, near Thames Street, among rotten wooden houses ready to take fire, and full of combustible goods. I will give you an extract from an account written by a minister of St. Magdalene's in Milk Street, Cheapside, in a tract entitled "God's Terrible Voice in the City":—

"It was the 2nd of September 1666 that the anger of the Lord was kindled in the City. The fire began in a baker's house in Pudding Lane.

and now indeed is the Lord making London like a fiery oven in the time of His anger. It was in the depth and dead of night, when most doors and houses were locked up in the City, that the fire doth break forth and appear abroad like a mighty giant refreshed with wine, doth awake and arm itself quickly, gather strength, and when it had made havoc of some houses, rusheth down the hill towards the bridge, crosseth Thames Street and invadeth Magnus Church at the bridge foot. But my business is not to speak of the hand of man which was made use of in the beginning and carrying out of the fire. Its commencement at a time when there had been so much hot weather, which had dried the houses and made them more fit for fuel, and in a place where there were so many timber houses, and the shops so filled with combustible matters, doth truly smell of a Popish design. But I would rather turn people's eyes from men to God, for whoever were the instruments, God was the author.

“That which made the ruin the more awful was that it began on Lord's day morning; never was

there the like Sabbath in London—some churches in flames that day; and such preaching those churches never heard. In other churches ministers were preaching farewell sermons, and people were hearing with quaking and astonishment. Now goods are hastily removed from the lower parts of the city.

“Evening draws on, and the fire is more visible and dreadful. Instead of the black curtain of night, the curtain is now yellow. Some are on their knees in the dead of night interceding for poor London; but London’s sins were too great, God’s anger too hot to be so presently quenched and allayed. On Sunday night the fire had run as far as Cornhill, and had crept up Cannon Street; Monday, Grace Church Street was in flames, and Lombard Street on the left and Fenchurch Street on the right; before it were stately, pleasant houses, ruinous and desolate heaps.

“Now the flames break in on Cornhill, that large and spacious street, and the Royal Exchange itself, the glory of the merchants, is invaded. The statues of kings fall on their faces,” &c.

“Then, then did the city shake indeed and the inhabitants did tremble; rattle, rattle was the noise which the fire struck on the ear, as if there had been a thousand iron chariots beating on stone. Rueful looks, pale cheeks, smiting of the breast, wringing of hands. Distressed citizens carrying their wives and children, many of them from sick or dying beds, and sending them into the country or open fields with their goods. Carts, drays, horses, coaches, all laden, and any money given for help. Five, ten, twenty, even thirty pounds given for a cart to bear some choice treasure away.”

The following letter is from an actual sufferer:

“GOOD BROTHER,—Last night I was at my sister Hayman’s, and there came to my hands a letter from you of the 9th, for which I was joyful.

“The fire began at a baker’s house in Pudding Lane, near my father’s house. It was so fierce that my father’s house was burned down before I heard of it, and he hath lost £200 a yeare, beside many goods.

“From Tower to Temple I think there is scarce one house left, and from Leadenhall Court to

Holbourne Hill is all down. I think there are twelve high churches left within the walls out of ninety-seven. I removed my goodes, but have them home again.

"Direct your letter to me at the Crowne without Bishopsgate.—Your loving brother,

"ARTHUR STAVELY.

"Sept. 17, 1666."

Eighty-nine churches beside chapels were burned down at this time, and 13,200 houses.

The Great Fire made a material difference in the old city; the space covered with ruins was 436 acres. The rapid spread of the devastation may be easily accounted for in the absence of timely means to check it. The buildings were mostly of timber covered with thatch, and many of the streets were so narrow that the houses facing each other almost touched at the top. It was like a fire kindled in an old forest. Within the limits of the conflagration at length arose a new London, of nobler aspect and formed for higher destinies, relieved by that very fire, under God's blessing, from the liability to the recurrence



of the plague which, as is well known, had preceded it, and had been fed from time to time, even previous to its more fearful outbreak, from the filth of the crowded old streets and their noxious exhalations. Rough indeed, but no less useful, was the Great Fire of London in its function as a Health of Towns' Commissioner!

The first stone of the new Cathedral was laid by Sir Christopher Wren on the 21st of June 1675. He notices in his "Parentalia" a little circumstance which was construed by those present into a favourable omen. When the centre of the dimensions of the great dome was fixed upon, a man was ordered to bring a flat stone from the heap of rubbish to be laid as a mark for the masons. The piece was the fragment of a gravestone, with nothing of the inscription left but the word "Resurgam." London was not, however, made what it might have been. Wren had to contend against difficulties, and many of his favourite plans were crossed. Churches and public buildings were placed in inappropriate situations; nevertheless, the improvements were manifest,

and King Charles might well say, as Chamberlayne reports he did, in his *Notitiæ* of this royal city—"I found it wood, and I leave it stone."

Christ's Hospital in Newgate Street was founded by Edward VI., on the site of an old Grey Friars' monastery, ten days before his death, as an hospital for fatherless children and foundlings. The Charterhouse (a corruption of "Chartreuse") was to be seen at the upper end of Aldersgate Street, and was so called from its having been a monastery of monks of the Carthusian order; as an hospital, chapel, and schoolhouse, it was founded in 1611 by Thomas Sutton for the maintenance and free education of forty poor boys, and the sustenance of eighty ancient captains, gentlemen, and others brought to distress by wounds, accidents, and other reverses. Charterhouse School is now removed to a beautiful situation near Guildford in Surrey; and it is to be hoped Christ's Hospital will soon follow its example.

Westminster Abbey, abounding as it does in relics of the past, must have a chapter to itself, for it does not lie properly in the confines of the

old city of London, which is that space anciently lying within its walls.

There is something amusing and interesting in tracing out the origin of the names of places; and I will give you the description of a few of the principal streets in London as an example of this.


Mincing Lane was in Stowe's time Mincheon Lane, and owes its name from having formerly belonged to some nuns of St. Helen's, called Mincheons. Gutter Lane, so ignoble and ugly in its sound, comes from Guthurum. Billiter Street is corrupted from the pretty Italian-sounding name of Bilzetta Street, Bilzetta being the original builder or owner. Crutched Friars, from Crossed or Crouched Friars, who had a monastery on this site. Fetter Lane, called, as late as Charles I.'s reign, Fewton Lane, from the number of idle people hanging about there. Grace Church or Gracious Street was originally Grass Street, from a large herb-market there. Fenchurch Street, from the fens and moors on which it was built. Bridewell or Bridget Well, from a spring

---

dedicated to St. Bridget or St. Bride. But these will suffice. You may trace out many other sources for names for yourselves, and there is seldom a locality in any old town or city which has not a message from the past in its very name.

### *WESTMINSTER.*

THORNEY ISLE—THE FIRST CHARTER—EDWARD THE CONFESSOR—THE ABBOTS—THE CORONATION CHAIR—THE RESTING-PLACE OF THE DEAD—KINGS—QUEENS—POETS—STATESMEN—A KNIGHT OF OUR OWN DAY.

ESTMINSTER, considered only as the See of a bishop, is not particularly interesting. Like many of Henry VIII.'s plans and schemes, it was short-lived, and only two bishops' names are properly associated with its creation—Thirlby and Feckenham.

We must, however, look at Thorney Island, the site of the beautiful grey minster in early times, and trace out the history of the foundation of the Abbey—the scene of events as stirring and full of interest in our country's annals as those of any ecclesiastical building in the land.

The web of fact and fiction connected with it is not easy to disentangle. Sperley, a monk of the Abbey, who lived about the year 1450, describes it as erected in 184, when King Lerius first embraced Christianity. On the persecution of the Christians under the Roman Emperor Diocletian, about the beginning of the fourth century, Sperley says the church was converted into a temple of Apollo; while John Flete, a monk of a still earlier date, refers it to a later era—to the fifth or even the sixth century, when the Saxon tribes began to infest Britain, erecting to their idols, says the monk, “fanes and altars, and spreading their pagan rites all over the country. Thus were restored the old abominations wherever the Britons were expelled; London worships Diana, and the suburbs of Thorney offer incense to Apollo.”

Sir Christopher Wren, during the rebuilding of St. Paul's, took great pains to investigate the truth of the story of a Roman temple having been erected on its site to Diana, and expressed his disbelief in the alleged facts, as related to either St. Paul's or St. Peter's; but he had no opportunity of thoroughly

carrying out his researches about St. Peter's, and is not therefore justified in taking it for granted that the Westminster monks concocted the story of Apollo and the Abbey in rivalry to that of Diana and St. Paul's.\* The question cannot be answered in the present day, and who can say that even now ruins of a pagan shrine do not lie hid beneath those of a Christian church? Flete goes on to say that the pagan temple was overthrown and pure worship restored by King Sebert, with whose name, indeed, the history of the Abbey may be said to begin. But setting aside the doubts thrown on his very existence as a king, and the assertion that this Sebert was a mere citizen of London, it is curious to refer to the marvellous legend which the

---

\* "I imagine," Sir Christopher Wren writes, "that the monks, finding the Londoners pretending to a temple of Diana where St. Paul's now stands—from the fact that horns of stags, tusks of boars, were dug up there in former times, and also it is said in later years—would not be behind-hand in antiquity. But I must assert that, having changed all the foundations of old St. Paul's, and upon that occasion having rummaged the ground thereabouts, being very desirous to find some footsteps of such a temple, I could not discover any, and can therefore give no more credit to Apollo than to Diana."

monkish chroniclers have transmitted of the foundation of St. Peter's.

The story, which seems now so absurd to us, obtained the credit of centuries, and was as seriously believed by the people as it was devoutly recorded by the monks, and bears the reputed date of the sixth century, in the reign of Sebert, King of the East Saxons, and one of St. Augustine's early converts.

It was in the days when Mellitus was Bishop of London—the old chronicler says—that, considering the desolation of that region of Thorney—a terrible one, and overrun with thorns\*—an island then surrounded by a small branch of the Thames, the Bishop Mellitus incited Sebert, the king, to found here a church to the honour of God and St. Peter. Here, then, the church, or minster, called from its western position Westminster, was built, and preparations were making for its dedication, when—so say the monks—as a

---

\* Moledin in his *History of London* professes to have discovered by a survey from the western tower the old boundaries of the island.



fisherman, who was also a ferryman, was seated on the bank of the Thames, the Apostle Peter appeared on the opposite bank, and told him he wanted to cross in his boat. On landing, he was at once joined by a band of winged angels, and amidst a chorus of sweet music and a flood of light St. Peter went and performed the ceremony himself, whilst the church was lit up with surpassing radiance. The fisherman still waited on the bank for his unknown passenger; and on his return St. Peter told him who he was, and that if the Bishop doubted, he had but to go to the church and find marks of the consecration on the walls. To satisfy the fisherman further, he bade him cast his net, and present one of the fish which he should catch to the Bishop, also assuring him that neither he nor his brethren should ever want fish so long as they presented a tenth to the church just dedicated: a miraculous draught of fine salmon was the result. And it is a curious fact that as many as six centuries after a dispute took place between the parson of Rotherhithe and the convent, the latter claiming a tenth of all the salmon caught in

the latter parish, on the ground that St. Peter had given it to them ; and later still, at the close of the fourteenth century, fishermen were accustomed to bring salmon to be offered on the high altar, the donor having on such occasions the privilege of sitting at the convent table to dinner, and demanding ale and wine of the cellarer.

The fisherman who had the interview with St. Peter hastened to the Bishop Mellitus, who lost no time on his part in examining into the truth of the statement. When, on entering the church, he found marks of the extinguished tapers and of the chrism,\* Mellitus, finding his work thus performed, contented himself with celebrating mass.

After Sebert's death the building fell into ruins, in consequence of his sons relapsing into paganism, and was soon after totally overthrown by the Danes. It was repaired by Offa, King of Mercia, about 969 ; and although until Edward the Confessor's time the history of Westminster is uncer-

---

\* Written sometimes *chrissome*, in its strict sense meaning unction, from the Greek *chrisma*, ointment. It is understood as the oil used by the Roman and Greek Churches in baptism, consecration, &c.

tain, there are some charters yet extant which give a little information on the subject, doubtless added to by the monks, yet not to be wholly disregarded.

The first charter is granted by King Edgar in 951, directing the reformation of the monastery by Dunstan, and confirming privileges granted by Offa, who had respected the church, and, in honour for St. Peter, deposited there his coronation robes and regalia, together with another charter by Edgar, which is preserved with a charter of Dunstan's among the archives of the Abbey.

According to William of Malmesbury, the church having been restored, Dunstan brought hither twelve Benedictine monks, and made Walsinus, a monk shorn by his own hands, and high in his favour, abbot.

But the glories of the Abbey were yet to come. Not until the reign of King Edward the Confessor did prosperity really dawn upon it. You will recollect that Edward was for some years in Danish exile, and whilst away from his inheritance, before his half-brother Hardicanute's death recalled

him from Normandy, he vowed a pilgrimage to Rome if God should restore to him his crown.

When he was really in possession of the kingdom he did not forget this vow; but on his accession he called his nobles together and declared his intention of making a pilgrimage as soon as possible. Edward's nobles earnestly persuaded him to give up his intention. The people were all unsettled and disunited, and the King's right place was evidently at home. The nobles tried to prevail on him to send to Rome for absolution from the vow, and he consented to do so. The Pope granted the absolution, only stipulating that such sums as would have been expended in the pilgrimage should be given to the Church of St. Peter, either in the repair of that now in existence or in the foundation of one on its site.

Just at that time it was rumoured that Wulsine, a Westmoreland monk, had a dream, in which St. Peter appeared to bid him tell the King that he must restore Wulsine's church; for, said he, "There is a place of mine in the west part of London which I chose and love, and which I

formerly consecrated with my own hands, honoured with my presence, and made illustrious by my miracles. The name of that place is Thorney, which, having for the sins of the people been given over to the power of barbarians, from rich is become poor, from stately low. This let the King, by my command, restore and make a dwelling of monks, stately built and amply endowed." The dream soon wrought upon the mind of the credulous, sensitive King, and he began the work in good earnest, and adopted for the church the Norman, a new and grander style of architecture, than had yet been known, adding to the number of the monks, and finally, when complete, bestowing a store of relics enough in themselves to add dignity and importance to the institution. Dart, the great historian of Westminster, remarks on these relics :—

"I would not willingly speak lightly of the respect paid by men of old time to the tombs where good people were buried, but it is impossible to view without concern how they were imposed upon by artful and designing men, who traded for

flesh as we do for cattle, and made a gain of bones and hair of saints. Surely it was a great want of respect to these saints to dig up and disturb their remains. A skeleton under a surgeon's curious eye could not have harder treatment or exposure than saints' remains beneath the hands of the churchmen."

Westminster monks, however, rejoiced in these possessions, and their house became the envy of every religious establishment in Britain. Sebert had already given a piece of the manger where Christ was born, and portions of the "true cross;" and Edward heaped yet more relics on the store, by adding the frankincense offered by the Magi, some of the bread which Christ had blessed, a piece of the seat whereon He sat in the Temple, some of the soil of the wilderness where He fasted, a piece of the seamless garment, of the sponge, the lance, the scourge, and of the cloth which bound His head in the sepulchre, besides other relics of apostles and saints, and all most highly esteemed by the monks of St. Peter's.

Of the building of Edward the Confessor we

have an interesting and perfect relic in the part now used as the *pax officii*, and the adjoining parts against the east cloister and south transept.

The original church was built in the form of a cross with a high central tower, and the work being finished, Edward designed its consecration under circumstances of surpassing splendour. All the preparations were made to crown the work of twenty years. But meanwhile the king was taken ill, and, early in January 1066, it was plain that the hand of death was on him. A sorrowful death-bed it was, from the prospect of coming trouble to his people, among whom he had done something to preserve peace, was grievous. War and bloodshed seemed inevitable, Harold the Saxon and William the Norman each asserting his claims. "There was dole and sorrow," says the chronicler, and the Confessor, turning aside from reflections too painful for him, earnestly "pressed" the completion of the preparations for the consecration of St. Peter's.

But the day came, and he could not leave the chamber—on the Festival of the Innocents—and

therefore his Queen, Edgitha,\* daughter of Earl Godwin, represented her dying husband at the ceremony; and on the 5th of January 1066 Edward died, and was buried with extraordinary celerity on the following day in his own church. From the death of Edward to the time of Henry III., the history of the Abbey, with the exception of some coronation scenes, is confined to the lives and characters of the Abbots.

Gervase de Blois, a natural son of Stephen, was Abbot from 1140 to 1160, and he greatly impoverished the Abbey by his maladministration. He was succeeded by Laurentius, who repaired the mischief done, and obtained the canonisation of Edward, and what was a matter of yet more personal importance and ambition, permission from the Pope to wear the mitre, ring, and gloves—the Bishop's insignia—which afterwards entitled the Abbots to a seat in Parliament. His successor, Walter, obtained the privilege of using the Dalmatica tunic and sandals, and was about to exercise

---

\* The Poet Laureate's drama, "Harold," has given a forcible picture of this time.



his privilege in the synod when the Pope's nuncio prevented him from doing so. A curious scene is related in Holinshead's chronicle of his abbacy in 1176, when a synod sat in the Abbey. He says—

“About mid-Lent the king (Henry II.), with his son Richard and the Pope's Legate, came to London to a convocation of the clergy at Westminster, but when the Legate, who, as the Pope's messenger, was specially honoured, was set, the two Archbishops of Canterbury and York began to jostle one another for the post of honour on the right hand of the Italian visitor. Canterbury had already taken his seat as Primate of the Realm, when York unmannerly enough ‘*smasht*’ himself down,” as the quaint Holinshead expresses it, “meaning to thrust himself between the Legate and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

“And when belike Canterbury was loth to remove, he set himself just in his lap, but scarcely touching the Archbishop's skirts, when the bishops and their chaplains with their servants stept up to him, pulled him away and threw him to the

ground, and beginning to lay on him with staves and fists, when the Archbishop of Canterbury, yielding good for evil, was fain to deliver him from their hands. The Archbishop of York got up, and in his rent rochet, walked grumbling to the King, who only laughed at him and treated the whole matter as a joke."

This was not the first or last time that the order of precedence has given rise to jealousy and heart-burnings; but modern refinement prevents such an unseemly exhibition as a scuffle like this between bishops and archbishops, chaplains and servants, especially unseemly when we remember that those learned Church dignitaries were met in all the solemnity of convocation.

Henry III. was a real benefactor to Westminster. When only thirteen years old we find him laying the foundation-stone of the Ladye Chapel on Whitsun Eve 1221; and twenty-five years later he began more extensive works, in which the lightness and variety of the Pointed architecture took the place of the simpler but more cumbrous impressiveness of the Anglo-

Norman architecture. Henry VII.'s Chapel now stands on the site of this Ladye Chapel, founded by Henry III. Crokesley was Abbot in 1246, and in his abbacy the church advanced rapidly. Rich ornaments were made by the king's own goldsmith for the use of the church; and in the twenty-eighth year of Henry III.'s reign we read of a dragon to be presented, "in manner of a standard or ensign of red samite, to be embroidered with gold, and his tongue to appear as continually moving, his eyes of sapphire, and other stones agreeable" (suitable), "to be placed in the church against the king's coming." Then a solid silver mitre and a crown of silver to set wax candles on is added; and Henry, stimulated by the monks, adopted a curious mode of exciting the people to imitate his liberality.

In 1247, on St. Edmund's Day, he set out through London streets from St. Paul's, where he received a precious relic that had been sent to him from Jerusalem by the Master of the Templars, and which he designed for Westminster. This was a crystal vessel, which was said to contain

some drops of blood which had flowed from the wounds of our Lord at His crucifixion. Henry bore the vessel himself beneath a canopy supported with four staves, and his arms borne up by two nobles all the way. Holinshead says that "to describe the course and order of that procession and feast would occupy a treatise of six years; and one hundred and sixteen years of pardon were granted by the bishop there to those who came to reverence it." May we not be thankful that the clouds and mists of those Middle Ages have been swept away by the breath of God's Word, free of access and open to the humble and lowly as well as to the rich and great? The beautiful story of God's Son comes to us in church, free from all this outward show and pomp. We will not judge those who often saw the thing signified, through the sign; rather, we will do our best to show our faith in the Unseen by our daily life, and give thanks that God has called us, not to offerings of gold and silver, but to the answer of a good conscience towards Him, and love wide, deep, and abounding, to those around us.

Crokesley and the king quarrelled during the later years of the abbacy, as Henry tried to lessen the Abbot's allowance and threatened to appeal to the Pope; but they were reconciled before Crokesley's death, which took place in 1258. Lewisbury succeeded him, who is said to have been so lazy and so corpulent that he declared rather than go to Rome for confirmation he would resign the abbacy. But the monks formed a deputation to plead that he might be excused, and though they were successful in their mission, they only returned to find the Abbot dead.

Wan, the next Abbot, has left a trace of his beneficence in the choir—the still beautiful mosaic, or tessellated pavement before the altar, being his gift.

Edward the Confessor's Chapel forms the rounded end of the choir, and the four chapels in the ambulatory, dedicated to St. John, St. Paul, St. Nicholas, and St. Edward, are the work of Henry III. In the reign of Edward I. a portion of the nave was completed; but his Welsh and Scotch wars occupied his time and exhausted his means so much

that he did not accomplish more, though he brought the spoil of his warfare to the church. A piece of the cross found in Wales, the coronation chair from Scone, the sceptre and the crown of gold of the Scottish sovereigns, were all offered at St. Edward's shrine.

Two events in this reign disturbed the peace of the Abbey; a fire, which destroyed some of the domestic buildings in 1298, and the robbery of the king's treasure, deposited in the cloisters, under the care of the convent, whose Abbot and forty-eight monks were sent to the Tower, where some of them were kept imprisoned for two years.

Langham, who was elected Abbot in 1349, deserves especial notice. He rose from a humble position in life to enjoy high office in Church and State. He was first Lord Treasurer and Chancellor, then Prior and Abbot of Westminster, and lastly Archbishop of Canterbury. He was a good Abbot of Westminster, though we may regret that he made such a strong protest against Wickliffe. He paid off debts contracted by his predecessors from

his private purse to the convent fund, and in many ways was a benefactor to the Abbey.

The Jerusalem Chamber was the work of his successor Lethington, of whose abbacy a curious story is told by Knight in his "History of the Abbey," which I have slightly curtailed, but which will, I think, interest you.

"During the campaign of the gallant Black Prince in Spain, at the battle of Najara, two squires of Sir John Chandos took a Spanish don prisoner, who, according to custom, was awarded as a prize. They carried the poor count to England, who, anxious to return to Spain to collect the ransom money demanded, left his son in pledge. Years passed away ; either the count forgot his son, or, what is more probable, was unable to raise the ransom-money, for no news of him came until the news of his death reached the squires. About this time the famous John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was trying hard for the throne of Castile, and knowing that the two squires held the count's son as a pledge, worked upon Richard II. to demand him from them, expecting to make use of him for

his own ends. But the squires demurred, unless the ransom originally agreed upon were paid, and as the prisoner was not forthcoming they were both committed to the Tower. They escaped, however, and took refuge in the Westminster sanctuary,\* the refuge provided by Edward the Confessor within the cathedral precincts. Determined not to be baffled, John of Gaunt ordered the Tower constable with a band of armed men to pursue them to the precincts; and they got hold of one called Schakell by fair words, and sent him back to prison. But Haule, the other, refused to listen, and kept his enemies at bay by a short sword, whilst they drove him twice round the choir. At length they got round him, and clove his head by a blow, slaying at the same time a

---

\* The privilege of sanctuary was granted by King Edward; and Skelton, poet-laureate to Henry VIII., was the last to take advantage of it, when he got into disgrace for attacking Wolsey. Caxton's printing-press was set up here, Stowe says in St. Anne's Chapel, and pulled down when Henry VII.'s Chapel was built. In Caxton's "*Chronicles of England*," the place of their production is called the *Abbey of Westmynster*. An advertisement is still extant for the sale of some type, "good, chepe," dated from the "reed pale" there.



monk who interfered, and all this went on during mass! Nothing was gained, however, for the prisoner was still concealed, and the Count Ernbaden agreed to pay Schakell 500 marks for the ransom, and 100 annually for his life. This," says Holinshead, "is to be noted as very strange, that when he should bring forth the prisoner, and deliver him to the king, it was known to be the very groom that had served Schakell all the time of his trouble as an hired servant in prison, and in danger of life, when his other master was murdered. Whereas, if he would have declared himself, he might have been entertained in such honourable state as for a prisoner of his degree had been requisite; so that the faithful love and constancy in this noble gentleman was highly commended and praised."

The church was closed for four months in consequence of this profanation.

Benson, Abbot at the time of the Reformation, was made Dean when the Abbey was converted into a cathedral. Bishop Thirlby resigned the bishopric in 1550, when it was suppressed; and the cathedral in the following year was included in the diocese

of London. In the new arrangement of property, some portion from the Abbey at St. Peter's passed to St. Paul's, whence the adage, *Robbing Peter to pay Paul*.

On Mary's accession the Abbey was restored, with Feckenham for Abbot, who repaired the Confessor's shrine and provided a paschal candle weighing 300lbs., made with great solemnity in the presence of the master and warden of the Wax Chandlers' Company, and made the processions grander than ever. Then Mary died, and Elizabeth restored the foundation of her father, with the exception of the bishopric, and founded a school (well known at the present day) for forty boys, with master and usher; but both scholars and masters are greatly increased since her time. Camden the antiquary, and the noted Dr. Busby, were once masters there, and Ben Jonson, our beloved poet George Herbert, Cowley, Dryden, Cowper, Southey, Rowe, and Prior were all educated at Westminster. The present school-room was a dormitory belonging to the Abbey, and retains some traces of its former ornaments. In

another chapter we will notice a few of the most striking scenes which have taken place within the walls. A glance at the exterior must suffice.

Approaching from Parliament Street we see the beautiful rounded end of Henry VII.'s Chapel, and pass through the burial ground of St. Margaret's Church. The front of the north transept had once statues of the Twelve Apostles at full length, with a number of saints and martyrs, and was once called Solomon's Porch. The rose window, 32 feet in diameter, was rebuilt in 1722. At the right hand of the western front is the Jerusalem Chamber, forming, with the Hall and Deanery a square. The cloisters are well worth notice. In the little cloister stood the Chapel of St. Katharine, where the scene quoted from Holinshead took place between the rival Archbishops. The remains of the Confessor's buildings are not shown to the public, but in them is preserved our greatest Norman - English antiquity, the veritable Domesday Book, so perfect still that it is almost impossible to believe in its age. And now, leaving the exterior of the Abbey,

we will try to picture some of the great coronation ceremonies which have taken place within the old grey walls, and then for a little while we will think of the real history of some of the many illustrious dead kings and queens, warriors and poets, statesmen and authors, who lie buried under the stones of Westminster Abbey.

There is nothing remarkable in the exterior of the plain dark-wood chair, round which so many memories of bygone days gather, as the coronation chair of a long line of sovereigns. The history of the stone beneath it is generally well known, and perhaps you have heard the legend that it was once the pillow of the patriarch Jacob, or as a strange contrast, the fabled marble chair borne from Egypt into Spain by the son of Cecrops, King of Athens. Every legendary tale has a shadowy fact perhaps lingering round it, just as every fiction of our own time is said to have a grain of truth in it; but it is hard to conceive how Jacob and Cecrops could both be associated with the great block of rough sandstone! It is said to have been brought to Scotland by an early king

of Ireland, and he was crowned upon it some 330 years before Christ; and it is certain that from very early times it was used as the coronation seat of Scottish kings at Dunstaffnage and Scone. It was carried to Scone by Kenneth II., when he invaded the territories of the Picts and Scots in the ninth century, where it remained until the thirteenth. After Baliol's attempt to throw off the English yoke in 1296, Edward poured an army of English soldiers on the Scotch, and the entire country submitted to his rule with very little resistance. Then it was that Edward committed that outrage on those feelings of national independence, which have ever characterised the Scotch people, in the removal of the famous stone associated with many a well-remembered coronation in Scotland, as in after years in England.

The restoration of Baliol was indeed not dearer to their hearts than that of the beloved stone. And how could it be otherwise when words like these were inscribed round it in Latin, of which this translation is given by Knight—

---

“Except old saws do fail,  
And wizards' wits be blind,  
The Scots in place must reign  
Where they this stone shall find.”

Many efforts were made to regain it, and Edward III. and David I. had a special conference about it, but in vain. The stone has remained in England ever since, and the prophecy found its fulfilment, though not as the Scotch intended, when James VI. of Scotland came to reign over us. Many indeed are the memories which crowd upon us as we look at this chair. There sat the warrior and statesmanlike Edward Plantagenet and his weak son and successor the miserable and unworthy Edward II.! Here, too, in princely magnificence sat the brave conqueror of Crecy,—the cruel Richard III.,—the shrewd and money-loving Henry VII.,—his good and gentle grandson Edward VI.,—and his two granddaughters, the gloomy, sad, and narrow-minded Mary, and the royal spinster Elizabeth, to whom the pomp and circumstance of coronation robes and splendour were so dear. A long line we may thus trace, ending with the young Queen of eighteen summers, whose

fair, thoughtful brow was encircled with the crown of England on the last day of June 1838, and a nation's voice gave utterance to a nation's prayer of "God save Queen Victoria!"

It was a Christmas morning in 1066 when the people of London saw a sad, strange sight, for which the fight of Hastings must have prepared them.

Foreign soldiers, with close-shorn heads and heavy armour, lined the highways with a double row of horse and foot, while through the file rode the stalwart form of the stout, strongly-built Norman prince, whose "cruel countenance," as Holinshead has it, looked indeed as though he were every whit a conqueror, and would rule his new subjects with a rod of iron. Sad memories of the mild Edward the Confessor, and of the last of the Saxon kings, slain on the bloody battle-field, must have thrilled the hearts of the English as the hero marched on, and with his warlike chieftains—200 in number—entered the Abbey gates. The scene that followed the usual question—



WESTMINSTER.  
(CORONATION OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION).





whether they would have William for their king—brought such a tumult of acclamation as to alarm the Normans for their chief. A great uproar followed; the wood houses were soon in flames, the church filled with soldiers; William himself and a few priests alone remaining calm by the altar, a bad omen for a coronation day.

More tragic still were the events of the coronation in September 1189, when Richard Cœur de Lion, conducted by Archbishops in silken copes, and a body of clergy bearing the cross, holy water, censers, and tapers, went from the hall in the palace to the Abbey, treading on ground covered with cloth of Syrian purple, to take the coronation oath. He was anointed by Archbishop Baldwin on the head, breast, and arms, the unction signifying, it is said, glory, fortitude, and wisdom. Finally, the crown was placed on his head, and then the scene within the Abbey was magnificent and striking; as processions swept along these beautiful aisles, incense rose, mass was celebrated, and Richard was a king.

But without, what a contrast! The procession

was over, the new-crowned king returned to his palace, and the banquet was spread; sparkling wine was flowing freely, minstrels were singing, when a sound broke in upon the mirth which caused even the king's brave heart to beat more quickly, as he paused in the revel and asked, "What meant those groans and cries, and that fearful uproar outside?"

The king was told that these cries were from the Jews. "The Jews!" Richard exclaimed; "and I forbade them to come nigh either Abbey or palace, fearing sorcery!" Poor persecuted Jews! Some bolder than the rest, and hoping to win Richard's favour by presents, had pressed to the palace gates and craved permission to enter and lay them at his feet. The gifts proved a master-key, for the guards suffered them to come on, and all seemed to promise well, when some Christians raised an outcry at the sight, and struck one of the Jews. It was like a spark to gunpowder; courtiers and attendants joined in the quarrel, and the Jews were driven back to their houses and lodgings, while a rumour was afloat that the king

himself commanded them to be destroyed. Great bands of fanatics now poured forth, murdering every Jew they met, setting fire to houses, burning men, women, and children indiscriminately, and all this time Richard sat at the feast, consoling himself with the fact that the lives of a few Jews were of no importance. The slaughter and the pillage went on through that night and next day and a day or two afterwards. Two or three rioters were hanged, because, as it was carefully pointed out, the houses of some Christians had been burned with the Jews.

Henry III. was twice crowned, once at Gloucester and once at Westminster; he was but nine years old at his father's death, and the crown being lost in the Wash by John, he was obliged to use a plain circlet of gold. Richard II., the boy king, had a splendid coronation here, but it was so fatiguing, that at its conclusion he had to be carried to his apartment in a litter.

We are indebted to Froissart, the chronicler, for very minute details of the coronation when Henry of Bolingbroke succeeded to the throne,

whilst Richard languished forgotten in the Tower prison ; but we have not space here for the description.

Richard III. added hypocrisy to murder, when after the death of his young nephews he walked barefoot to the Abbey on his coronation day.

Charles I. was crowned here in February 1626. His Queen, being a Roman Catholic, was neither a sharer in the ceremony nor a spectator.

Bishop Laud presented the new king to the people ; but on asking them to testify their willingness to receive him as king, there ensued some awful moments of unbroken silence, more impressive than any sound which ever echoed in those vaulted roofs. Not a cheer, not a voice was heard ; it was as though in that deathlike hush the coming tragedy at Whitehall was foretold, and that in the union of Charles with the Roman Catholic Princess Henrietta, the nation trembled for her recently and but imperfectly-established faith. At last the Lord Marshal prompted that which the people's hearts prompted

not, and bade them cry "God save King Charles," which they did accordingly.

Years later, when the unhappy king laid his head on the block, he may have remembered this solemn pause, and his son James perhaps recalled it also, though known to him only as history, when the crown tottered on his head on his coronation day, and nearly fell to the ground.

And now, after a lapse of years, we may picture to ourselves one more coronation scene, and recal a significant feature in it. James II. had worn out his weary life in a foreign land, and lay buried in a French monastery. His usurping daughters, Mary and Anne, each having reigned in turn, lay in a nameless vault within the Abbey walls. Two of the Hanoverian line of kings had mingled their dust with the Stuarts, and George III. was seated on the coronation chair. A gorgeous spectacle it was! The robes of the royal pair were of unequalled splendour; nobles, knights, and ladies in gay costume were gathered to hear the vow, and see the crown placed upon the royal brows of the King and Queen. And one stood there—a plain

man, unnoticed and unknown—also gazing on the glistening diadem and watching the splendid pageant. This man was the great great grandson of that king whose presentation to the people was received with a strange hush and silence; the grandson of the king on whose brow that very crown had tottered, meet emblem of his falling dynasty; and the heir to that same crown, in the thoughts of many of us still: for the man was Charles Stuart, commonly called The Young Pretender.

The royal dead sleep very near the shrine. Next to the high altar the Confessor was buried, but his remains were removed to a richer shrine by Becket, after Edward's canonisation in 1163. When the church was rebuilt, in the time of Henry III., the tomb was made yet more splendid. The account of its sapphires, emeralds, rubies, pearls, gold, and cameos surpass belief, but the glories of the shrine are now but as a tale that is told. Before its restoration it was still a fine piece of old work, though the upper portion, added in the 16th century, somewhat spoils the effect. Here Henry IV. was seized with his last illness, and was borne

to the Jerusalem Chamber; and as we turn from the shrine itself, there are two or three things which may escape notice that are nevertheless worth looking at.

There is some curious sculpture on the screen which divides the shrine from the choir, illustrating stories that are told of King Edward's life. In the centre is a piece deeply hollowed out, representing a chamber with the Confessor in bed, looking at a thief who is kneeling at a chest of treasure, and apparently only mildly admonishing and remonstrating with him. Another refers to a tale told by Dart—on the authority of an old manuscript—and is called the story of the King:—"A beggar one day begged of King Edward, who, being given to charity, and the beggar praying for the sake of St. John, bestowed on him a ring. Time went on. The Confessor's reign was nearly over when two English pilgrims at Jerusalem were accosted by a third, who asked what country they were of, and then delivering them a ring, bid them tell their king that he to whom he gave it was St. John, and that in nine days the King Edward should die!



"The pilgrims declared that, make what speed they would, it was impossible to reach England in time; but he bid them take no care of that, and took his leave.

"After walking some way they fell asleep, and on waking found themselves in the Wealds of Kent! The mode of the pilgrims' transition thither the monkish recorders wisely leave to imagination; but the two men hastened to Waltham Forest, and delivered the ring and the message to the king, who died accordingly!"

Strange how the love of the marvellous lives in the song, and is wrought in the marble of our forefathers; and I do not know that it has died out even in this generation, though it takes a different form, and is fed by the marvels of spiritualism on the one hand, and sensational and exaggerated pictures of life on the other.

Edward I.'s tomb is very plain and simple. In 1744 some antiquarians, amongst whom was Gough, whose writings are well known, obtained permission to exhume the corpse and examine it in the Dean's presence. The rage for relics, it

would seem, did not altogether die out with the Reformation, for in the eighteenth century we find that after the examination had been duly performed, and the king with his royal crown and sceptre about to be reverently covered up, a whole forefinger was missing. At length a man in a watchman's coat was suspected and examined, when the king's forefinger was found upon him. The guilty person was no other than Gough himself !

Eleanor's tomb, by Torelli, an Italian, is perhaps one of the most beautiful in the Abbey, and one of the most perfect. As you go round the chapel, you will see the fine monument to Henry V., and that of Philippa, the Queen of Edward III., both grievously mutilated.

Here, also, is the tomb of Richard II. and his Queen, erected by the king's order during his life, and used for that purpose by Henry V., the son of his destroyer, who removed his remains to the Abbey.

Next comes the Chantry, the last resting-place of the hero of Agincourt, where his helmet, shield, and

saddle are seen; but the effigy is headless, carried off by Henry VIII. for the sake of the silver upon it!

Henry VII.'s Chapel is very beautiful. That exquisite roof, wrought by the chisel, looks like lovely lace, but the name of the artist is still doubtful. One author says, "There must have been something magnificent in a king who could determine on the erection of such a place;" but there is nothing particularly noble in the object, which was for his own burial. His great anxiety seemed to be to prepare a place fit to receive his perishable body; and, considering that the Tudor Prince was not remarkable for generosity or liberality during his life, there is nothing very creditable in the ambition for an expensive place of sepulture. Beautiful it certainly is, and in old times when the altars were decked with gorgeous cloths and lit with tapers, and gold crosses and statues adorned them, and the black robes of monks, the white garments of the incense bearers, the priests in their red-bordered vests and copes of gold tissue, swept along the pavement, it must have had a gorgeous effect.

Poor Henry ! his must have been a troubled, burdened soul, after all ! How melancholy do these efforts to win God's favour seem ; those strict orders left for three daily masses for the welfare of his soul, to continue while the world should last ; the list of ceremonies enjoined, as well as the yearly procession to his tomb, when masses and requiems were to be sung ; whilst a way was open to him, a simple, plain, and strait way, to better rest for his soul than mass or requiem could afford for the repose of the "heavy-laden," and the one great sacrifice which was offered on Calvary had rendered all these as nothing in His sight, who Himself had provided the Lamb. The chapel was begun in 1503, and was still incomplete in 1509, the year of his death. The tomb is by Torrigiano, a Florentine, a fellow-student with the celebrated Michael Angelo. From Henry's death to the reign of George II. most of the royal family have been buried in this chapel. The tombs are indeed numerous and interesting, but we cannot particularise many. Cromwell was buried among the kings with unusual pomp, when the chapel was

hung within and without with escutcheons, and the effigy was splendidly arrayed. But some years after, on the anniversary of King Charles I.'s execution, there came a band of men and dragged forth the mouldering remains of the Protector, to hang up at Tyburn, with those of Ireland and Bradshaw. They hung till sunset, and then, being beheaded, their heads were exposed on the top of Westminster Hall. The tomb of Lord Darnley's mother is curious from its inscription.

"She had to her great-grandfather King Edward IV., to her grandfather Henry VII., to her uncle Henry VIII., to her cousin-german Edward VI., to her brother James V. of Scotland, to her son Darnley (husband of Queen Mary), and to her grandchild King James VI. of Scotland and I. of England"—a list of royal relationships which certainly entitles her to a place among the tombs of the kings!

The banners and arms of the Knights of the Bath are not to be overlooked. The institution was first called into existence to grace the coronation of Henry IV. After Charles II.'s coronation

it was discontinued, but revived by George I. Bathing had doubtless been employed as a part of the discipline submitted to by esquires, in order to obtain the order of knighthood, in very early times, but it does not appear that the term "Knights of the Bath" was used until 1399.

Froissart tells us that on the Saturday before his (Henry IV.'s) coronation he departed from Westminster and rode to the Tower with a great number, and that night all such esquires as should be made knights next day watched to the number of forty-six. Every esquire had his own bayne (bath) by himself, and the next day the Duke of Lancaster made them all knights at the mass time. Afterwards it became the practice of English kings to create a new knight previous to their coronation, at the inauguration of a Prince of Wales, at the celebration of their own nuptials, or those of any of the royal family. When George I. revived the Order, he was very particular that the bath and vigil should be revived also for the grandson on whom he was

about to confer the honour, and as the knight-elect was an infant, the bathing tub was covered with tapestry, and before it was a warm mat on which to place the tiny Chevalier whilst he was dried and clothed "very warm" in consideration of his having to watch all night.

At the Poet's Corner there is ample time to pause and meditate, and the names of the poets are, many of them, as familiar to us as household words. There is Chaucer's monument, the first poet ever buried in the Abbey, and the earliest poet England produced. He died in 1400; and the next who was buried there was the immortal Spenser. He died, it is said, of starvation in the neighbouring King Street, Westminster. The Irish had robbed his goods, burnt his house, with a little child new-born; he and his wife escaped, and, disappointed in his expectations of Court favour, notwithstanding Court friends and his adulatory verses to Gloriana, "he died for lack of bread," and refused twenty pieces sent to him on his death-bed by Lord Essex, saying he was sorry he had no time to spend them.

This is on the authority of Ben Jonson, but the case of starvation has not been fully proved. Ben Jonson and Cowley lie close by, also Dryden, at whose funeral there was such an extraordinary and unseemly excitement. The anecdote is related by Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets," and is too lengthy to transcribe, but the facts are briefly these:—

On the poet's death, the Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Sprat, who was also Dean of Westminster, sent to Lady Elizabeth (Dryden's widow) to present her with the ground at the Abbey for the poet's tomb, as well as the Abbey fees; and another friend (Lord Halifax) offered to take on himself the expenses of the funeral, which he promised should be that of a private gentleman. These offers were gratefully accepted, for the Drydens were poor. But when the funeral-day came, and the corpse was put into a velvet hearse, and eighteen mourning-coaches full of company prepared to follow the body, Lord Jeffreys, son of the notorious judge, passing by with some of his gay companions, asked whose funeral it was,



and on hearing, said, "What! Dryden buried in this private manner! No; let all who loved him and honour his memory alight, and get my lady's consent to another sort of interment; and I will give £1000 to a monument." So the gentlemen got out, and some of them attended Lord Jeffreys to the widow's bed-side, who was sick and confined to her room, and made their request. But she absolutely refused, though the young lord knelt to ask it so importunately that the poor lady fainted, as well she might. As soon as she recovered, she cried, "No, no!" which they pretended to interpret into, "Go, go!" and Lord Jeffreys accordingly ordered the men to carry the body to an undertaker in Cheapside, and leave it there for embalmment in the royal way, promising to send particular directions next day. So the company dispersed.

On the following morning the son of Dryden went to the Bishop and Lord Halifax to apologise for the non-appearance of the funeral; but neither would accept the plea, especially the former, who said the ground was opened, the Abbey lighted,

the choir in attendance, and he himself waiting a long time to bury the corpse.

The undertaker, after waiting three days, and hearing nothing of the matter, called on Lord Jeffreys, who feigned ignorance of the matter, declaring those who observed a drunken frolic deserved no better, and that he might do what he liked with the corpse.

Upon this the undertaker waited on the Drydens, and threatened to bring the corpse home and leave it at the door. They desired a day's respite, which was granted; and Mr. Dryden wrote to Lord Jeffreys accordingly, to expostulate, who returned the letter, and desired he might be troubled no more about the matter. Then he went to Lord Halifax and the Bishop, but they, still grievously offended, refused to do anything; and finally the poet was buried by subscription, the corpse meanwhile remaining two weeks at the College of Physicians, where it was charitably received. Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Dryden" is very interesting, and more attractive to the young than Dr. Johnson's biography.

Gray's monument has a worthless couplet on it, which it would be a kindness to his memory to efface—

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,  
I thought so once, and now I know it."

The expression of an idle and unguarded moment should never have been placed on a monument in a Christian church, and is singularly inappropriate to the author of the solemn, reflective, and melodious poem which has immortalised Gray. Many tablets in this part of the Abbey only record the names of the dead who rest in other places. Thomson, Gray, Mason, and Goldsmith are amongst them. Barrow, the divine of Charles II.'s time, a good man and a great preacher, Dr. Johnson, Handel the great musician, and Granville Sharpe, one of the earliest emancipators of the slave, rest here. This good man was walking one day in the streets of London when he saw a poor negro shivering with cold and starvation. He stopped to ask the history of his sorrow, and his tale was soon told. He was a Virginian slave, brought over to England by his master, when he fell ill, and was coolly

turned out of doors to die. Granville Sharpe took compassion on the slave, carried him to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and on his recovery got him a place as a servant. Two years after the poor fellow was seized upon by his late master as a runaway slave, and imprisoned in the Poultry Compter. He applied for help to his old protector, and Granville Sharpe did not fail to bring the case to justice, and it was decided that the negro should be set free. The master, however, laid hold of him in the presence of the Mayor, and insisted on his rights with some violence. Granville Sharpe then brought an action against the master for assault, and the case was tried, and finally twelve judges agreed that as soon as a slave set foot on English soil he became free.

"Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are free,  
They touch our country, and their fetters fall."

Sharpe's zeal did not abate, and through his means the Association for the Abolition of Negro Slavery was formed in 1787. He died after an honourable and useful life in 1813; and when we think of the

great end achieved by so small a beginning, and look at the memorials of Wilberforce and Buxton in these very walls, we may take a lesson, if we will, to use the apparently-insignificant opportunities afforded us for doing good that fall in our way. For who shall say but that one deed of love and mercy, such as Granville Sharpe's, may not prove the seed sown in faith which shall bear fruit an hundredfold.

I must not close these memories and associations with Westminster Abbey without a word about the Baptistry, where the busts of Keble and Wordsworth find a place, and a stained window presented to the Abbey by an American gentleman contains the figures of George Herbert and Cowper. One other bust there is, on the same wall with that of Maurice, which cannot be passed by without a word. The name of Charles Kingsley is familiar to us all. We who stand on the tableland of middle age can recall the delight of reading his earlier works when life and hope were young. But perhaps not till he was dead did he really speak to our hearts. We knew him then by the

beautiful picture of his life, so tenderly and faithfully drawn for us in the "Memories of his Life,"\* as we never knew him before. All his zeal for his Lord's service, all his brave defence of what he believed to be right, all his life-long crusade preached against everything that was mean and base and unholy, all his eloquent pleading for the souls of his fellow-men, of this we had heard, and hearing had believed. But now we seem to see him as he was, tender and chivalrous, true and loyal in every earthly relationship, hungering for the great love of God, which was the watchword of his life, and shone with fair radiance over his deathbed.

Westminster Abbey is full of thronging memories of the great and good, of kings and warriors, of poets and statesmen; but amidst the bravest and noblest of them all, amongst those who fought with the purity of knightly souls against oppression and wrong, and made a resolute stand for all that was just and good, we may surely place his name whose voice was heard sound-


---

\* "Charles Kingsley : His Letters and Memories of his Life."

ing in the old Abbey of Westminster on Advent Sunday in 1874. Then a great and strong wind seemed to shake the old fabric to its very foundations, as the preacher cried with all the fervour and earnestness of his soul, "Except ye be changed, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." A lesson meet for us as we leave Westminster Abbey, where lie the great and noble, as the world counts greatness and nobleness; a lesson meet for us when we think over the gorgeous pageants of a time gone by, and remember that upon them is written the words, "Dust ye are, and to dust ye shall return." To enter into the kingdom that is incorruptible and undefiled we must become as little children. So let Charles Kingsley's words, as we leave the Abbey, sink deep into our hearts. So let us try to follow him as he followed his Master, single-hearted and faithful over much or little; let us think no toil too great, no labour too persistent, whereby we may bring in sheaves to the great storehouse of our God, and precious stones to His crown in the day that He makes up His jewels.

## WINCHESTER.

*Founded 636.*

 CERTAIN old chronicles tell us that there was reigning over Britain in the second century one Lucius, a descendant of the far-famed Æneas of Troy, who became a convert to Christianity, and erected a church at Winchester on the site of an old heathen temple. But this is only a legend, and though there can be no doubt that the antiquity of the Cathedral is great, we have no strictly authentic history of it till the seventh century. Then the Saxon king, and people of Wessex generally, relinquished idolatry, and Kinegel, a descendant of Cedric, who is said to have destroyed the Cathedral erected by the somewhat mythical Lucius, began to build a new church of great size in 635-6. The first Bishop was Byrimus, who had been sent over to England by Pope Honorius, and to whom the merit of



Kinegel's conversion is ascribed. This king gave Byrimus the city of Dorchester for his Episcopal See, intending afterwards to found the principal church in the royal city of Winchester. He gave the land within seven miles round for the maintenance of the ministers of religion, and had everything prepared for the foundation of the Cathedral when his good work was suddenly stopped by the hand of death. When he was dying, he called to him his son, and made him swear before Byrimus that he would finish the work. This Kenelwach faithfully accomplished, and in 643 the building was complete, and dedicated to St. Peter, or, according to another authority, to the Holy Trinity, by Byrimus, Bishop and Apostle of the West Saxons. In the episcopate of Bishop Wighen, in the year 827, Egbert, famous for the union he effected between the kingdoms of the Heptarchy, was crowned in the Cathedral of Winchester. One of the greatest benefactors in early times to the Cathedral and Monastery of Winchester was a native of the city, and was no other than St. Swithin, whose name we are wont to associate

with rainy days! St. Swithin was ordained priest by the Bishop of the diocese, and was appointed president of a monastery, which was in aftertimes to bear his name, and became the well-known Priory of St. Swithin. He was appointed preceptor to Prince Ethelwul, who, on his accession to his father Egbert's throne, promoted his old tutor to the See of Winchester, to which he was consecrated in 852.

The circumstances of the Bishop's death are thus told :—St. Swithin, feeling his end approaching, called the monks around him, and entreated them not to bury him in the chancel, where his predecessors lay, but in the green churchyard, where the rains of heaven might water his grave. He was accordingly buried in the cemetery; but, when his canonisation took place, during the episcopate of Bishop Wakelyn, in 1093, the ceremony of translation, or removing his body, was determined upon. The grand event was to take place on the 15th July, when, behold, it came on to rain so violently for that day and for forty successive days, that the design was set

aside as blasphemous, and a chapel was erected over his tomb. This curious legend is alluded to by many authors and poets of olden times. Ben Jonson, a poet in the days of Queen Elizabeth, in his play "Every Man out of his Humour," refers to it, and so does Churchill; but the most familiar proverb is the following:—

" St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,  
For forty days it will remain.  
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,  
For forty days 'twill rain na mair."

So much for the legend of St. Swithin.

In Winchester Cathedral the great Danish sovereign, Canute, was buried—the best and most illustrious of that short line of kings; and after the death of his son, Hardicanute, Edward the Confessor was crowned at the high altar of the church.

The story of Queen Emma's trial in Winchester Cathedral was related as *truth* by Nubia, Vergil, and many more early historians, but of late doubt has been cast upon its authenticity. Perhaps it may bear repetition here, as it is so

intimately connected with the Cathedral; though care must be taken to remember that it may be in part legend. Emma was the mother of Edward the Confessor, and, after the death of her husband, Ethelred, married the Danish king, Canute. There seems no doubt that Emma was guilty of undue partiality for the children of her second marriage, leaving those by her first husband, Ethelred, to languish in poverty in Normandy. We cannot, perhaps, wonder that, when Edward the Confessor succeeded to the throne of his Saxon ancestors, he remembered with bitterness the slights he had received from his mother in the days of her prosperity. Nevertheless, nothing can excuse his unfilial conduct: especially is it inconsistent with the very high profession of religion which he made. Queen Emma was holding a court at Winchester, and here Edward hastened, as soon as he was crowned, seized his mother's property, treasures, corn, cattle, and forage, and committed her to close custody at Werewell.

Then many grave charges were made against

the poor Queen, one of which, in particular, so terribly compromised her character, that she wrote from her prison at Werewell declaring herself innocent, and most willing to undergo the fiery ordeal of trial, by which God would prove that she was guiltless in the eyes of the King, her son, and all men throughout his realm. Edward agreed that the Queen should be put to the test, and she made herself ready accordingly.

So within the Cathedral, one memorable morning, a vast concourse of people assembled. There was the King and his long train of knights and barons, monks and priests. There, lying on the pavement of the church, were the nine red-hot ploughshares, over which the Queen was to step blindfold: if she passed them unscathed, she was innocent of the charge brought against her; if her tender feet were burned, guilty.

Deep silence reigned when the moment for the Queen's appearance drew near; some true hearts there were who, doubtless, sent up fervent prayers for the widow of the old King Canute the Great. And we may well believe that

Edward's heart beat fast with mingled fear and shame—fear for his mother, and shame for himself in exposing her to the gaze of multitudes.

Emma had spent the whole of the previous night in watching and prayer, and in the hush of all around, her figure was seen advancing up the church—a bishop on either side of her—her eyes bound and her feet bare. One by one the fiery bars are safely crossed, and Emma steps over the ninth uninjured ! But it is said she thought she had yet another step of danger, and cried aloud, “O Lord, when shall I come to the place of my purgation ?” Then they told her she had already reached it, and, falling on her knees, the poor Queen gave hearty thanks for her deliverance. Then the air rang with acclamations of joy, and the Queen was declared innocent; the King humbly entreated his mother's forgiveness, and a reconciliation took place. But the excitement and the indignity had broken the heart of the Saxon Emma; in one short year she was laid in her grave in the cloister of St. Mary's, Win-

chester. The monks made a rich harvest of the fiery trial of Queen Emma, for she bestowed nine manors to the Minster of Winchester, as her thank-offering, and King Edward gave a similar endowment.

Between the eighth and eleventh centuries the art of illuminating manuscripts was in perfection; Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, was one of the greatest patrons of the art, and New Minster, or Hyde Abbey, at Winchester, appears to have been one of the principal schools for the purpose, and to have produced some of the finest manuscripts of the time. The splendid Benedictional of Bishop Ethelwold, said to have been the work of the monk Godwin, is a beautiful relic of the age; and the well-known manuscript of the sacred poem of Cædmon, one of our earliest Saxon poets, was copied in the school of this monastery in the year 1000.

Cædmon was a poor lay brother in the Abbey of St. Hilda at Whitby, employed to look after the horses and perform other menial offices. He was never thought clever, nor had he shown any

sign of genius, until the time when the story of the sudden development of his musical and versifying power is told in the romantic spirit of those times. There was a festival in the Convent of St. Hilda, and much music and singing going on. The poor monk Cædmon, being unable to take any part in the music, slipped away to the stable, where, in the cold and darkness, far away from the festive group, he fell asleep. As he slept he dreamed that some one asked him to sing, and he replied, mournfully, "I cannot; that is why I left the feast." Then the person said, "Ay, but thou *shalt* sing," and immediately Cædmon began to warble, like a lark uprising from its nest, a song of praise, till he awoke. From that time he became famous for singing and for the power of paraphrasing the words of the Bible, declaring that the song in his dream never left his memory, but that he repeated it many a time. At last he embraced the monastic life, and learned a whole series of sacred history, which he turned into verse. This is the story of Cædmon's poem, which at length issued, beautifully copied, from



the Minster School at Winchester. In this age of many books it is hard to realise the time when the pen of the ready writer, secluded in the walls of a monastery, was the instrument for the circulation of the literary composition of those days. Hard, too, to realise the slow and painstaking process of illumination, when a brother would look about in the garden of his cloisters for images of beauty, which he would reproduce on the margin of his manuscript. This is beautifully expressed in the following lines, where the poet \* tells the supposed soliloquy of a monk, who sits with the Gospel of St. John, which he has just completed, open before him. He says :—

“ Here is a copy of Thy Word,  
Written out with much toil and pain.  
Take it, O Lord ! and let it be  
As something I have done for Thee ! ”

Then, looking from the window, he says :—

“ How sweet the air is ! How fair the scene !  
I wish I had as lovely a green  
To paint my landscapes and my leaves !  
How the swallows twitter under the eaves !

---

\* Longfellow.

---

There, now, there is one in her nest—  
I can just catch a glimpse of her head and breast,  
And will sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,  
For the margin of my Gospel Book."

The Danes were busy at Winchester, as in other places, and more than once the Cathedral was reduced to ruin by them. The earliest portions of the present church were those which were erected in the tenth century by Bishop Ethelwold, who, finding the Cathedral greatly dilapidated, rebuilt it from the foundation. Some of the most substantial walls and pillars are thought to be the remains of his labours. With the following century came the Norman Conquest, and a Norman ecclesiastic for the See of Winchester, who tried to introduce his own country's style of architecture. So entirely did the Saxons fade away from the chief offices in the Church after the Conquest, that when William died the only Saxon head which wore a mitre was Wulstan's, Bishop of Worcester. Wulstan was a man of spotless life, and humble, gentle spirit, and had excited great admiration by his independent conduct at a synod held by the Norman bishops at

Winchester in 1076, when he was required to resign his episcopal staff, on the ground that he could not speak French. The Bishop's reply to this demand was full of dignity and right feeling. He acknowledged himself unworthy to hold the office of a bishop, but utterly denied the right of the Synod to deprive him for the frivolous reason assigned. He is said to have gone to the tomb of the Confessor and laid down the pastoral staff there—saying that he resigned it to him—his late dear master—at whose command he had received it. The matter was pressed no further, for we find Wulstan continued Bishop of Worcester till he died. At his death Wakelyn, a relation of the King's, was instituted to the See, and improvements and additions rapidly advanced in the Cathedral (to Wakelyn we owe the present tower, nave, and transepts); and when the additions were completed the church was re-dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul.

The story of William Rufus, the second son of the Conqueror, is intimately connected with

Winchester. In the Cathedral you will see, when you visit it, the stone tomb of the Red King, raised two feet above the pavement, and may like to recall the circumstances of his death, which was preceded by a life of which only a dark shadow remains on the page of history. The undutiful and unloving son, the grasping and selfish brother, was not likely to make a good king. We are told that when William the Conqueror lay dying in the monastery of Gervas, just outside the walls of Rouen, his second son left him, to hasten to England, that he might be before his brother Robert in asserting his claim to the crown. An unjust claim it was, for Robert was the undoubted heir; but Rufus was not the man to think of justice and right. He had not reached the French coast before a messenger overtook him with the news that the father he had left dying was actually dead. Rufus hurried on to reach Winchester, where he knew the royal treasure was secured. When he arrived at the castle he obtained the keys from the treasurer, William Pout de l'Arche, and

secured £60,000 in pure silver, besides precious stones and some gold.

Lanfranc, once the tutor of William Rufus, by his father's appointment, refused to declare himself in his favour unless he took an oath to govern according to right and equity, and ask the Primate's advice on all important matters. It was not likely that William's promises or his ideas of "right and equity" should prove worth much. But his coronation took place at Westminster, on the 20th September 1087, when he had taken an oath such as Lanfranc demanded. The very first act of his authority was the imprisonment of the Englishmen whom his father had liberated on his death-bed—the Earls Morcar and Willmot—and who had followed him to this country in the hope of obtaining some part of the inheritance of their father, which had been wrongfully taken from them. The new king had both these noblemen arrested at Winchester and sent prisoners to the castle; and thus, having oppressively acted in opposition to his dead father's last wishes, he pacified his conscience

by ordering Otho, the goldsmith, to fashion some of the gold and silver he had found at Winchester into ornaments for the Conqueror's tomb.

While Lanfranc lived, his influence certainly held Rufus in something like check, for a great change for the worse was manifest after the Primate's death in 1089. The King rapidly became more tyrannical, depraved, and rapacious; and he appointed no successor to Lanfranc at Canterbury, but used the rich revenues of the Church for his own "unholy practices and revelries." A Norman clergyman named Ralph, who received the unflattering surname of *Le Flam-bard*, or the destructive torch, aided and abetted his master in all his evil schemes. His nominal offices were those of chaplain, treasurer, and justiciary; his real duties to raise as much money as he could extort, by fair or unfair means, for the royal pleasures. Under Ralph's rule, the harsh forest laws of the Conqueror were made a source of profit, and new fines multiplied. All the bishoprics and abbeys that fell vacant by death were allowed to remain for the

King's use, who failed not to rack the tenants and vassals as they had never been racked before. All this unrighteous extortion, doubtless, enraged the monastic chroniclers—to say the least of it—and perhaps the picture they have handed down to us of William Rufus is darker than it deserves to be; but an undutiful son, forgetful of respect and affection to his father, can never be a man to admire or love in any position of life, unless deep penitence and entire change of conduct shows that the sins of youth are bitterly deplored: such signs are certainly not to be found in the short reign of William Rufus. The family of the Conqueror were an unloved and unloving race, and the treatment Robert received from his two younger brothers is a sad proof of this.

In the reign of Rufus, all Europe rang with the cry, “*Dieu le veut!*” and the Crusades were gathering thousands and tens of thousands to fight under the standard of the Cross. After the Council of Clermont, Peter the Hermit, of Amiens, made his appearance in the streets and market-places of great cities, and called on all Christians

to arm for the rescue of the Holy City from the hands of the Turks.

Rufus loved money too well to sympathise in this great movement, but he made a disgraceful gain out of it, by accepting the mortgage of the dukedom of Normandy for £10,000 from his more noble and chivalrous brother Robert, who early joined the ranks of the Crusaders. This £10,000 Rufus was by no means prepared to pay without levying fresh taxes and exacting fresh sums of money from his oppressed and wretched people. "Truly," says an old chronicler, "the King did grievously fleece and oppress his subjects." Abbots and bishops had tamely submitted to the sacrifice of many a church jewel and chalice, but were disgusted with the pretext the King made, that the money was for the holy war against the infidels. They gave Rufus a plain answer, and said no more unrighteous extortions should be tolerated. But the end drew near, and the story of that end is so closely associated with Winchester and its neighbourhood, that we will not pass it over



here. The New Forest lay still and solemn in the soft moonlight of an August night in the year 1100. The deer were at rest in the tangled glades, little dreaming of the slaughter that awaited them on the morrow, for the King was coming to hunt them from their hiding-places, as his father had been wont to hunt, in his ill-gotten Hampshire Forest. There were marks of the Conqueror's heartless cruelty in many a ruined church and dismantled dwelling, reminding the passer-by that the fierce Norman thought the red deer more precious than his people's comfort.

Sad were the tales which houseless countrymen were even then telling by the hearths to which chance bade them welcome, of unjust and cruel ejection from the homes of their childhood, of distress, and poverty, and privation. And as they talked, the knell of the Curfew sounded, and fire and candle were extinguished with all the fear and haste of slavish observance. On this August night the King and a goodly company of nobles were assembled at Malwood

Keep, a royal hunting-lodge, at a short distance from Munstead. No remains of the castle or keep exist, but it gives its name to the forest walk in which it was situated.

Henry Beauclerc, the King's brother, was one of the guests at Malwood on this occasion, a reconciliation having recently taken place between them. The whole party retired early to rest, that they might be fresh and ready for the sport of the next morning. It is said that Rufus had uneasy dreams, and was heard, in the stillness of the night, calling for lights in his darkened chamber. The attendants ran to the King's room, and he told them that he had had a frightful vision, that he would sleep no more, lest it should return, and ordered them to stay with him, and beguile the time with amusing talk till morning dawned. This was done, and as soon as the first faint streaks of light appeared in the east, the King arose and began to dress. Six new arrows were brought him by an attendant, before he had finished his toilet. He praised their make, and choosing four for himself gave two to

Sir Walter Tyrell, otherwise called De Poix (the name of his estates in France), saying, as he presented them, "Good weapons are due to the man who can make a good use of them," little dreaming what game these arrows were destined to bring down! The King feasted merrily at breakfast—always a most substantial meal in those times—and drank more wine than usual. His spirits rose to their highest pitch, grooms and huntsmen prepared the horses for the chase, and revelry and mirth were at their height at Malwood, when a messenger arrived from the Norman abbot of St. Peter's, at Gloucester, to inform William that one of the monks had dreamed an awful dream about the King—a dream which foretold that a sudden and dreadful death awaited him. "The man is a true monk," was the King's light reply, with his usual disrespect to the Church; "he dreameth, no doubt, for money. Give him a hundred pence, and bid him dream better fortune for me next time." William seems to have forgotten his own troubled night and fears of darkness, and, with a gay

remark to Sir Walter Tyrell, he rode away from the keep.

William for some time kept company with his brother Henry, William de Breteuil, and many other knights, but the party at length dispersed, as is common in the chase, Sir Walter Tyrell, his favourite companion, remaining near the King.

As the sun was sinking low in the west, a hart came bounding by between Rufus and Sir Walter Tyrell, who stood concealed in the thicket. The King drew his bow, but the string broke, and the arrow took no effect; startled by the sound, the hart paused a moment, doubtful which way to take. William raised his bridle-hand to his forehead, that he might see more clearly by shading his eyes from the level glare of the sun, now shining almost horizontally through the forest glades; and being unprovided with a second bow, he cried, "Shoot, Walter, shoot!" Tyrell drew his bow, but the arrow fled, but, glancing aside in its flight, struck William in the left breast, which was exposed by his upraised arm. The fork head pierced his heart, and without a groan, without a moment

for a cry for pardon and mercy, the King fell from his horse and died. Sir Walter Tyrell ran to his master's side, and finding life departed, remounted his horse, galloped to the sea-coast, embarked for Normandy, and soon after departed for the Holy Land.

One chronicler \* says that Prince Henry, who was hunting in an adjacent glade, chanced to break his bow-string, and entered a poor forester's hut to get it repaired ; an old woman here hailed him as King of England, and Henry was questioning whether she was not mistaking him for his brother, when cries were heard in the wood, and a few attendants riding up proclaimed that the King lay dead, pierced to the heart by an arrow shot by some unknown hand. And now we are reminded of William Rufus' unfeeling conduct when his father lay dying, for Henry showed precisely the same want of natural affection, precisely the same greedy, selfish desire for his own aggrandisement.

The companion of his childhood lay struck

---

\* Dr. Milner's *History of Winchester*.

dead in the full bloom of his manhood, and not one glance did he give to the body—no tear of brotherly love dimmed his eye—self was uppermost. Henry mounted his horse and rode to Winchester to seize the royal treasure, while Breteuil, the late King's treasurer, galloped hard after him, determined not to give up the keys to any but Robert, who was absent in Palestine.

It was late in the evening, the startled deer had gone to rest in the thickets, the forest birds were hushed in their nests, and still the dead King lay on his leafy couch stiffening in the chill night air—no loving hand to remove him thence, no decent care for the poor lifeless body.

A poor charcoal-burner, on his way home after a day of toil, with a crazy old cart—says the ancient historian—drawn by one lean beast, took up all that remained of the King of England, and placed it on it. The cart broke down, and not till the next day did the people of Winchester see the dreadful spectacle of the slaughtered King borne into their old city in this ignoble manner. The body of William Rufus was, however, now.

treated with respect, and buried in the centre of the cathedral choir, many looking on with awe, but none with grief. William left neither wife nor child to mourn him ; no one shed a tear over his grave. The tomb was broken open in the time of the civil wars, and the dust of the second Norman king of England found in it, with some pieces of cloth of gold, a large gold ring, and a small silver chalice.

The bones, we are told, were enshrined in the reign of Stephen.

Prince Henry and De Breteuil, the treasurer, had a race to Winchester from the forest, but Henry won. When Breteuil reached the treasury door, he found Henry standing before it, loudly demanding the keys.

"Sir," said Breteuil, with a boldness and honesty which did him honour, "Sir, the crown and the treasure of the realm belong to your eldest brother, Duke Robert of Normandy, and, though he is now in the Holy Land, I will keep for him the treasure of the late King my master." But Henry was not to be thwarted. A very undignified



WINCHESTER.

(PRINCE HENRY SEIZING THE ROYAL TREASURES).

P. 242.





scuffle followed. Henry drew his sword, and the barons took his part, so that Breteuil was overpowered, and the plunderers (for the deed does not deserve a gentler name) helped themselves to the gold and silver and crown jewels, and then adjourned to the council chamber, where the question of who should be king was argued. Many voices were raised for Robert, but "there are moments," says the poet—

"When a man's presence speaks in his own cause  
More than the tongues of twenty advocates."

Henry was handsome, and had a prepossessing manner, and when he left the council, and went out into the streets of Winchester, openly appealing to the people to support him, they crowded eagerly about him, and threw up their caps in his cause.

Henry told them he was English-born,\* and promised them an English queen. Then the cheers of the people redoubled, and reaching the council

---

\* Henry was born at Selby, in Yorkshire, in 1076. He married Maud, daughter of the King of Scots, and of Margaret, a relation of Edward the Confessor.

chamber, the decision was hastened. Henry was proclaimed in the streets, and on the 9th day of August 1100—three days after his brother's tragic death—he was crowned King at Winchester. The bishopric was immediately given to Henry Gifford, of whom we have nothing interesting to record. Richard Cœur de Lion was crowned in the Cathedral, 1194, after his return from Palestine. Winchester continued a favourite royal residence till the time of Edward I., who removed his court to London.

The work of decoration and addition to the Cathedral of Winchester continued until the time of William of Wykeham, who crowned the labours of others with a beautiful west front.

This bishop, so illustrious in his day, and whose name is so intimately connected with Winchester, was born at Wykeham, or Wickham, in Hampshire, in 1324, in the early part of Edward III.'s reign. Nothing is known of his parents, except that their names were John and Sybil, and that, though they were poor, they were of honourable descent and of good character. William

was put to school at Winchester, not by his father, who could not afford to do so, but by some rich patron, who is believed to have been lord of the manor of Wykeham, and governor of Winchester Castle. William, on leaving school, was introduced by a nobleman to Edginton, the bishop, and thus became known to Edward III. William of Wykeham's strength seems to have lain in a natural genius, which was made useful by perseverance, and a talent for application to business. Architecture was always the art which he particularly cultivated. In 1356 we find him made surveyor of the improvements in Windsor Castle, and Queensborough Castle in the Isle of Sheppey was built under his direction. For his services the King rewarded him liberally. He took deacon's orders when young, and in 1362 was ordained priest, his first living being at Pulham, in Norfolk. Preferments were undoubtedly lavishly heaped upon him, an account of which we find in Bishop Lowth's life of this bishop. But it was when promoted to the see of Winchester that William of Wykeham's great labours began—labours which

his perseverance and ability brought to a successful termination.

Amongst these, the foundation of two schools — the preparatory college at Winchester and New College at Oxford—are the greatest. He had some difficulty in the last year of Edward III.'s reign, when a political storm threatened to engulf him. The Duke of Lancaster, no friend of William's, contrived to bring eight articles against him, but he came out of the trial with perfect honour. In Richard II.'s reign the bishop again prosecuted his labours at the colleges, and began the grand improvement of his own Cathedral, which, we rejoice to know, he lived to see completed. He died in 1404, at South Waltham, and left behind him a good and enduring name.

Bishop Fox, who was translated from the see of Durham to that of Winchester in 1500, was a great beautifier of the Cathedral, and devoted his life to deeds of munificence and charity. He founded Corpus Christi College in Oxford, which he completed in 1513. Henry VIII. seems to

have appreciated Fox's talents, for he continued him in all the offices to which his father, Henry VII., had promoted him; but, disgusted with the manners of the court, and fearful of the changing humours of the king, Fox retired from public life to the diocese, where his last years were spent in total blindness.

One great beauty of the interior of Winchester Cathedral consists in the chantries or oratories of Bishops Edginton, William of Wykeham, Beaufort, Waynflete, and Fox. The last prepared his own final resting place; and in the beautiful sepulchral chapel every effort of ingenuity and skilful workmanship seem to have been exerted to the utmost. In an arched recess lies the effigy of the bishop, which represents him clothed in a winding-sheet. Hither he often came during the last years of his life, worn and tired in spirit, to meditate on the Heavenly Temple—not made with hands—where the servants of the King of kings serve Him day and night without weariness. Behind the altar is the small oratory where the failing, uncertain steps of the blind

bishop were often bent—there to pray, and dream of the blessed time when he should see that gracious King in His beauty.

The lover of architecture may find a wide field for study in Winchester Cathedral. The rise, progress, and perfection of the pointed style may here be seen to great advantage. The exterior of this great church is, perhaps, disappointing; for while its entire length is 545 feet, the main tower rises only 26 feet above the roof, and gives the whole pile an outspread and stunted appearance.

Winchester was for so long a time the favourite residence of Saxon and Norman kings, that many stories connected with it abound in history, which I have not space here to mention. Charles II. was so fond of Winchester that he began a palace on the site of the ancient castle built in 1088, and destroyed in the sad days of the civil war in Charles I.'s time. Charles died, however, before the work was completed, and the unfinished building has since been used for the reception of war prisoners and French refugees, and finally as barracks.

You will have time, perhaps, when you go to Winchester, to visit this place, and in the chapel of the neighbouring Castle, which has escaped destruction and is now used as a court of assize, is preserved a curious relic of antiquity, called "King Arthur's Round Table." The origin of the table is, however, traced only to King Stephen, who, as a means for preventing disputes about precedence amongst the officers of his household, made them sit round the circular board. The table, which is eighteen feet in diameter, is now painted with the Tudor colours—green and white—in compartments, with a white rose in the centre. Each division is inscribed with the name of a knight in Old English characters, and these are the same as those in the old romance, called "*Morte d'Arthur*," — Lancelot, Tristram, Gawayne, &c., most likely chosen with reference to the similarity between this table and that of the half-legendary Arthur, the story of which, as told by the old romancers, no doubt suggested the idea—"round table"—to King Stephen.

The Market Cross, which was erected in the



beginning of the sixteenth century, is unusually beautiful; and the Hospital of Saint Cross, a mile south of the city, deserves notice. It was founded in 1136, as a retreat for thirteen poor men past work, and one hundred others who were to be provided with a daily meal at noon. Other charities were added, and a glass of ale and a small loaf are still offered to visitors to the hospital. The church of the hospital is most beautiful—quite a cathedral in miniature. From the pleasant meadows of Saint Cross there is a distant, but good view of the remarkable Saint Catherine's Hill, generally called a Danish camp. Saint Giles' Hill is famous for a fair which was held there, and granted by William the Conqueror to his relative, Bishop Wakelyn, and his successors for a single day in the year. This single day afterwards extended, by the license of future kings, to fourteen days, during which time all the city shops were closed, and the fair was held in great repute. Merchants came to it, even from places beyond the Channel, and the traffic carried on was enormous; but

in Henry VI.'s reign this great fair began to decline.

Winchester school has sent out many useful and learned men to do good service in the battle of life ; and some, perhaps, who have brothers or cousins at this very time happy, merry school boys in the old city, may like to follow out the history of the place for themselves. Those who have not this personal interest will, I hope, learn a lesson from the story of William of Wykeham, and remember how we are told of him, that unflinching perseverance, more than brilliant talents, aided him in his useful and merciful life—a life which has left behind it a name ever to be gratefully remembered as the name of one who has conferred a lasting benefit on generations to come.


Pleasant, indeed, it is to turn from the dark sad pictures of sin and selfishness, such as those which the family of William the Conqueror present, to the good deeds of men like William Wykeham, and many more whose humble lives have left no footsteps on the sands of time for

mortal eye to scan, but which are all written in the Book of God, and of which the record is, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Yes, a blessed company of the holy dead—of these faithful and hidden ones—shall one day hear the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

*DURHAM.*

*See Founded 635.*

THE CHRISTIAN KING—SCENE ON A BATTLE-FIELD—THE MISSION TO DEIRA—COLUMBA AND AIDAN—THE MONASTERY IN THE ISLAND—SIMPLE LIFE OF THE MONKS—CUTHBERT—HIS CELL IN THE LONELY ISLAND—CUTHBERT'S DEATH—THE NUNS OF ST. HILDA—THE DANISH PANIC—TRAVELS OF THE STONE COFFIN—THE REST AT DURHAM—ERECTION OF THE CHURCH AND FOUNDATION OF THE SEE—WILMAN'S VISIT TO DURHAM—THE PALATINE—BATTLE OF THE STANDARD—TURNBULL, A BISHOP—THE CATHEDRAL.

 HE records of most of the earliest monastic houses are mixed up with the accounts of so many miracles, so devoutly believed in for many years, that they have become necessarily associated with the true history.

The foundation of the See of Durham abounds in wonders, and it is very difficult to separate the real from the visionary without sacrificing the picturesque.

Fortunately, however, there are certain facts in the early history of Christianity in Durham which legends have not been able to distort, and which time has kindly spared for our benefit.

Ethelfrith, King of Northumberland,\* left at his death a widow and seven sons, who were compelled to flee into Scotland to escape the power of the boys' uncle, Edwin, the usurper of their father's throne.

Donald IV. then reigned in Scotland, and being a convert to Christianity, he instilled its principles into the minds of the young exiles. The elder son obtained a portion of his father's inheritance, but returned to idolatry, and was murdered by Cadwallar, King of Cumberland.

Then Oswald, Ethelfrith's second son, set out from Scotland, and headed the Northumbrians in battle.

The utmost force he could collect, however, was small in comparison with that of Cadwallar; but, all undismayed, he prepared for the fight,

---

\* Northumberland at this time comprised Durham.

and causing a cross to be brought to him in front of the army, held it with his own hands in an upright posture, while his attendants set it firmly in the ground. Then turning to his men, he said, "Let us fall on our knees, and beseech the almighty, living, and true God to defend us against this fierce and cruel enemy." After this prayer he led forth his little band, and the victory was complete.

Filled with gratitude, Oswald sent to Scotland for some holy men to assist in the conversion of his new subjects, but Corman, the first missionary, was too austere to gain any influence over the people, and returned dispirited to Iona. "The people to whom you sent me," he told the elders of the island, "are so obstinate, that it is hopeless to think of changing their manners."

These words fell on the ears of Aidan, and he said, "Had Thy love been offered to this people, O my Saviour, many hearts would have been touched. I will go and make Thee known, for Thou breakest not the bruised reed." Then turning to the disheartened missionary, he said, "You

have been too severe to hearers so dull of heart. You should have given them spiritual milk to drink."

"Aidan is worthy the episcopate," exclaimed the brethren of Iona,\* and, like Timothy, he was consecrated by the laying on of hands.

Oswald received Aidan gladly, and as the missionary was ignorant of the Saxon language, the King accompanied him everywhere, and stood by his side as interpreter. Was ever earthly king more nobly employed than in thus interpreting to his people the message of the King of kings, the glad tidings of the Prince of peace? "Confluebant ad audiendum verbum Dei populi gaudentes," says Bede. "The people eagerly flocked together to hear the word of God." This good King died in battle A.D. 642, whilst leading his army against the invasion of Penda, King of Mercia; and, his subjects' best welfare dear to

---

\* In 565 Columba set forth from Ireland on a mission to the Scots, and with his little band landed on a small island, afterwards called Iona, or Icolmkill, or Columba's cell, where the missionary college was formed.

him in death, he cried as he fell, "Lord, have mercy on the souls of my people."

His death did not, however, hinder the mission. Oswald's memory was dear, and Aidan's labours constant.

The island of Lindisfarne, afterwards called Holy Island, was given to the missionaries for a residence. This island is on the coast of Northumberland. Its situation should, however, rather be called semi-insular, as only twice in the day do the waters of the sea separate it from the mainland, within view of Bamborough, the residence of the kings of Deira. Such was Lindisfarne, the real, though distant, parent of the See of Durham. The form of the island is irregular, and it is but four miles long from east by south to west by north, and not quite two miles broad from north to south.

Oswald was succeeded by his brother, Oswy, a man of merely external religion. A relation of his, Oswin, an amiable man, and beloved by the people, reigned in Deira, and Oswy, jealous of his power, took up arms against him. The good King Oswin



was assassinated, and Aidan died of sorrow at his cruel fate. He was succeeded by Finan, another monk of Iona, and in his time the first church is said to have been erected in Lindisfarne—a humble structure, built on the model of the Scottish churches, of rude timber, and thatched with reeds. Ten years later, Colman, another Scotchman, succeeded him.

The Scotch Church had not yet acknowledged the Roman supremacy. Finan, having resisted that of Gregory, began to remove the episcopal See to York,\* and to alter the time of observing Easter.

The decision of the Synod at Whitby was against Colman, and in consequence he resigned his See and withdrew to Scotland, carrying with him some relics of Aidan, and being accompanied by several monks. Inda, the next Bishop, one of the Southern Scotch clergy, who died within the year of the plague, was the last of the Scottish Bishops of Lindisfarne, of whose simplicity and sanctity Bede gives us a beautiful picture.

---

\* See History of York. Full particulars of this celebrated controversy may be read in Bede's Ecclesiastical History.

"Their frugality and simplicity of life and parsimony appeared in their place of residence, in which there was nothing superfluous or unnecessary for the humblest life. In the church only was magnificence permitted. Their possessions consisted chiefly of cattle, for money was only retained until fit opportunity offered to distribute it to the poor. Places of entertainment and reception were unnecessary, for the religious were visited solely for their doctrines and the holy offices of the Church. When the King came thither he was attended only by five or six persons, and had no other object in view than to partake of the rites of religion, departing immediately after the service, or if perchance they took refreshment, it was of the common fare of the monks.

"The attention of those pastors was confined to spiritual matters only, temporal affairs being deemed beneath the holy appointment. When any ecclesiastic went from the monastery, it was to preach the word of salvation, and he was everywhere received with joy as a messenger of God.

On the road the passengers bowed the head to receive the holy benediction and sign of the cross, with pious reverence treasuring up the good man's precepts.

"The churches were crowded with a decent audience, and when a monk was seen entering a village in his travels, the inhabitants flocked around him, entreating admonition and prayers.

"On their visitations donations and riches were not their pursuit; and when any religious society received an augmentation to the revenues of the house as an offering of Christianity by the donor, they accepted it as an additional store with which they were entrusted for the benefit of the poor."

The most terrible of scourges that was perhaps ever inflicted upon a people, a neighbouring nation of pirates, at last caused the removal of the See from Lindisfarne. There was no resident Bishop for fourteen years after the close of the Scotch Bishops' succession, and it was meanwhile governed by an English youth called Eata, a pupil of Aidan's. For a time it merged into the See of York, until Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury,

whose superiority was generally acknowledged by the Saxon churches, erected Lindisfarne into a separate See, and confined the power of York to the southern district of Deira.

When Eata left the monastery of Iona to take charge of the little flock at Lindisfarne, he was accompanied by a youth named Cuthbert, who had led the years of his early life on the banks of the Leder, and had received his education at the celebrated Melrose Abbey.

He was appointed at Eata's death Prior of Lindisfarne, and, by his patience and gentleness, appears to have brought the somewhat disturbed monastery into its former order. Many who had relapsed into idolatry were won to Christianity; but, after fourteen years of useful labour, by one of those fallacies common in those early times, he believed it his duty to retire to a solitary isle in the German Ocean known as Farne or House Island, which was as yet unmarked by any human habitation. Here a rude dwelling was erected for his abode, and he began a life of extreme austerity. The place was quite

destitute of corn, water, and trees, nine miles from Lindisfarne, and inhabited, so report said, only by the wicked spirits which howled within its caves. Yet from his scene of usefulness he determined to retire, forgetting the example of those first disciples of our Lord, who were sent forth by Him not into a lonely cell, but into the world, perishing for lack of knowledge, to proclaim the Gospel to every creature. The truth was the same in the days of Cuthbert as in our own, that no man liveth to himself, and that there is little need to bid—

“For cloistered cell,  
Our neighbour and our work farewell!  
The daily round, the common task,  
Supplies us all we ought to ask—  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily near to God.”

And so Cuthbert dwelt in Farne, praying fervently, and believing that in his lonely life no evil might come nigh his dwelling; and, after causing his brethren to dig a pit in the hard, strong floor, though no signs of water appeared, and the pit being found next day full



DURHAM.  
(ST. CUTHBERT).



of fresh water, he bade his friends adieu, and Cuthbert was left alone. Now and then the roughly-built boat of the monks of Lindisfarne, who came to consult him on matters of importance, landed on his island shore, but nothing else occurred for nine years to break the mournful monotony of the hermit's life. He used to work on the land, barren and unpromising as it was, for his daily bread, and in the hours of leisure would give himself to meditation and prayer.

I have no doubt you have heard of St. Cuthbert's beads; and if you read "Marmion," you will find in the second canto these lines referring to the fictitious visit of the nuns of St. Hilda to Holy Isle:—

"But fair Saint Hilda's nuns would learn  
If on a rock by Lindisfern  
Saint Cuthbert sits and toils to frame  
The sea-born beads that bear his name.  
Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,  
And said they might his shape behold  
And hear his anvil sound."

These beads are the work of nature's hand, and are of the class of Eutrochi and Belemnites.



They, as well as the Eider ducks which frequent the Farne Islands, however, still bear the name of the saint.

He was at last prevailed upon to return to Lindisfarne, to which See he was consecrated bishop by Theodore of Canterbury; but he only remained in office for two years, and, feeling the approach of age and infirmity, retired once more to his hermitage, where he died, A.D. 686. He had intended to be buried in his oratory at Farne, and a stone coffin and piece of fine linen had already been prepared for his corpse, but, at the earnest entreaty of the monks, he consented on his deathbed to lie in their church at Lindisfarne. In 875 the remains were taken up, owing to the Danish incursions on the Holy Isle, and the travels and adventures of the body from that time were almost more curious than the events of the Bishop's life. The body was too great a treasure in the eyes of the monks to be readily parted with, and accordingly they resolved to flee with the saint and his stone coffin into Scotland.

After some travelling between Scotland and England, Bishop Eandulf and Abbot Eadred thought the saint's remains would be safer in Ireland; but, in endeavouring to cross, the vessel was driven back by a storm, and this was thought to signify God's pleasure that they should remain where they were. Food grew scarce, Lindisfarne no longer afforded them shelter, and the people, disheartened by difficulties and famine, left St. Cuthbert's body to the charge of the Bishop and Abbot with seven other persons, and dispersed.

A terrible clog on all their proceedings was the stone coffin and its contents, as it usually had to be borne on the wanderers' shoulders; but, in the midst of their trouble, Hinred, one of the monks, cheered his brethren with the information that he had had a night vision, and heard a celestial voice which bade him repair to the sea, where he would find a book of the Gospels which they had lost out of the ship in the storm, and which appeared to have been greatly valued, and adorned with gold and precious stones.

The message then continued that they would next find a bridle hanging on a tree, which was to be placed on a horse that should come to them, and then be attached to a car which they would find; and thus the body would be carried with greater speed and comfort from place to place, until there should be rest in the land. Everything happened as foretold, and where the horse led the party followed. At the time of Simeon of Dunelmensis, the ancient historian of Durham, the very book said to have been thus miraculously found was preserved in the library of the See, and it is supposed that the valuable copy of the Gospels now in the British Museum is this identical volume.

For seven long years they travelled about, resting at different monasteries where they were sure of welcome, less for the sake of the living perhaps than the dead. Melrose opened its doors gladly to receive the body of the saint; and it was from this abbey, so the monkish writers tell us, that he caused himself to be transported in his stone coffin from Melrose

on the Tweed down to Tillmouth on the coast of Northumberland. As Scott's lines may fix the curious narrative in the memory, I will give them unaltered. The nuns of St. Cuthbert and those of St. Hilda seem to vie with one another in marvelous stories after the convent banquet was over, the Abbess of St. Hilda of Whitby and her five fair nuns having, according to the story, gone to visit St. Cuthbert's Isle on business with which our pages have nothing to do; but the poetry of the Border minstrel is so stirring, and the scenes he describes so graphic, that one has more satisfaction in reading them than the more ponderous monkish legends in their prosaic form.

The Abbey of Whitby, on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A.D. 657, and contained both monks and nuns of the Order of St. Benedict, but, contrary to the usual plan of such establishments, the Abbess was superior to the Abbot.

“ Summoned to Lindisfarne, she came,  
There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,  
And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold  
A chapter of Saint Benedict,  
For inquisition stern and strict

On two apostates from the faith,  
And, if need were, to doom to death.

“ They reach the Holy Island’s bay.  
The tide did now its flood-mark gain,  
And girdled in the Saint’s domain ;  
For with the flow and ebb, its style  
Varies from continent to isle ;  
Dry-shod o’er sands twice every day  
The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;  
Twice every day the waves efface  
Of staves and sandalled feet the trace.  
As to the port the galley flew,  
Higher and higher rose to view  
The castle, with its battled walls,  
The ancient monastery’s halls,  
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,  
Placed on the margin of the isle.

“ Suppose we now the welcome said,  
Suppose the convent banquet made :  
    All through the holy dome,  
Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,  
Wherever vestal maid might pry,  
Nor risk to meet unhallowed eye,  
    The stranger sisters roam :  
Till fell the evening damp with dew,  
And the sharp sea breeze coldly blew,  
For there even summer night is chill ;  
Then, having strayed and gazed their fill,  
    They closed around the fire ;  
And all, in turn, essayed to paint  
The rival merits of their saint,  
    A theme that ne’er can tire  
A holy maid ; for be it known  
That their saint’s honour is their own.

"Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail  
 To vie with these in holy tale ;  
 His body's resting-place, of old,  
 How oft their patron changed, they told ;  
 How, when the rude Dane burned their pile,  
 The monks fled forth from Holy Isle ;  
 O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,  
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
 Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore :  
 They rested them in fair Melrose ;  
 But though, alive, he loved it well,  
 Not there his reliques might repose ;  
 For, wondrous tale to tell !  
 In his stone coffin forth he rides  
 (A ponderous bark for river tides),  
 Yet light as gossamer it glides  
 Downward to Tillmouth cell.  
 Nor long was his abiding there,  
 For southward did the saint repair ;  
 Chester-le-Street and Ripon saw  
 His holy corpse ere Wardilaw  
 Hailed him with joy and fear ;  
 And, after many wanderings past,  
 He chose his lordly seat at last,  
 Where his cathedral, huge and vast,  
 Looks down upon the Wear :  
 There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,  
 His reliques are in secret laid ;  
 But none may know the place,  
 Save of his holiest servants three,  
 Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,  
 Who share that wondrous grace."

*Marmion, Canto 2.*

The coffin still lies, or did lie a few years ago,

beside the ruined chapel of Tillmouth. It was then divided into two parts, is finely shaped, ten feet long and three feet and a half in width, and only four inches thick, so that, from its construction, it is very possible that it might have floated.

The See was then transferred to Chester-le-Street, where a little rest was granted the exiles from Lindisfarne. There the foundations of a cathedral were laid, and a tract of country between the Tees and Tyne granted in the reign of Alfred to the church; but, in the time of Ethelred the Unready, when the Northern robbers once more infested the land, and but a hundred and thirteen years after the establishment of the See, the monks and their precious relics were driven forth and took refuge in the monastery at Ripon, awaiting an interval of peace to return. Eandulf was at that time Bishop.

In 995 Sweyn appeared in England, and the Bishop and all his clergy set out once more. On their journey they halted at Wredelaw, supposed to be the lofty eminence of Wardonlaw, which

now commands a fine view of the Wear valley; and here it is declared that the ark of the saint stood still, and not until three days of fasting and prayer were passed did the saint vouchsafe to make known his will to Eadmer, a monk (in a vision), which was that their course should be directed to Dunholme (that is, Durham), where his church would, he declared, find a secure establishment.

From Symeon's account, this set their doubts at rest. Dunholme was, of course, well known to the monks of Chester-le-Street as being occupied by agriculturists, and all who have seen Durham must admit the saint's taste for situation was good. The sloping sides were selected of a hill then covered with shaggy wood, and only the summit presenting a smooth surface when the husbandman had reclaimed a small plain. But willing labourers were not wanting. "From the river Coquet to the Tees, they came in multitudes; and, whilst the work was going on, they lay the precious coffin, the companion of so many vicissitudes, beneath a tent of boughs,



afterwards removing it to the White Church until Aldune's Cathedral should be completed.

"The trees," says the historian, "were grubbed up, and there soon appeared, in place of the little oratory of wattles, dwellings for all the people, and then a church of stone, a more honourable resting-place than the wattled building, but also intended to be but temporary. So hard did they work, that in three years Bishop Aldune's Cathedral was completed, and the See once more formally removed to Durham."

There is a story that the faithful in Northumberland still keep the precise spot of the sepulture secret, and this secret is only entrusted to three persons at a time, and when one dies a third is chosen to share the mystery!

The real lustre of Cuthbert has been obscured by fictions. Of forty-six books of Bede's *Life* of the saint, each contains a separate prodigy, some of which, it must be confessed, border on the blasphemous, from the resemblance they bear to the miracles of the Saviour,—such as raising the dead and converting water into wine

by the touch of his mouth. Some of the exploits, but for the sadness of the thought that men believed in such things more than in truth, provoke a smile; such as that of the two crows in Farne, who had no more respect to the saint's retreat than any other isle in the ocean, plundered his crop of grain, but, relenting, retired in confusion, and returned a few days afterwards, bringing with them, as a penitential oblation, a portion of swine's grease to anoint the saint's sandals.

So great was the veneration in which he was held, that no less than forty churches or chapels were dedicated to him.

The "miracle" of the incorruptibility of his body was a standing one in the Durham church, and somewhat contradicts the story of the secret of his place of burial to which I have referred. Of the ceremony of opening his coffin on one occasion, a monk thus writes: \*—"Behold a

---

\* The familiarity of monastic writers with miracle and prodigy is notorious, yet sometimes there is a foundation of truth below the rubbish of fiction, and from natural causes there have been

wonder! They look for a skeleton and find an entire body, with joints flexible, and flesh so succulent that there only wanted heat to make his body live without a soule. Nay, his funeral weedes were so fresh as if putrefaction had not dared to pick him by the coate" (Hegges' Legend of St. Cuthbert).

Such is the history left on record of the patron saint of Durham.

His body was a source of immense wealth to the Cathedral, and the simple monk who, in his lifetime, wore undyed wool of the sheep as his garment, and laboured in his fields for bread, probably little thought that he should ever be thus lauded and worshipped, and that the possession of his perishable remains should be the treasure of the See.

We must now pass on to the time of the Conquest, only noticing that the Danish King Canute,

---

many cases where the decomposition of the body has been marvellously slow. The body of the Earl of Derwentwater, who perished in 1715, was found in a perfect state in 1807. A hint is, however, given in the legend quoted above that now and then a living monk's body was exhibited for a dead saint's.

as though to atone for the injury which his ancestors had done to the See in its infancy, came to Durham in a pilgrim's garb, and proceeded bare-foot to St. Cuthbert's shrine. In the early part of William's reign the city had a narrow escape. Robert de Comyn, a Norman noble, entered it with 700 soldiers; but they were overpowered by the inhabitants, and Comyn and his attendants perished. Flames from a building were in this tumult communicated to the western tower of the Cathedral, but the wind happily shifting to the east, the Cathedral was preserved.

William's march of destruction from York to Durham soon followed, and for sixty miles the Norman track was evident in smouldering ruins, and wounded or dead by the roadside, whilst the very convents and monasteries did not escape. The terrified Churchmen fled from Durham and took refuge in Lindisfarne, and when the Normans retreated, the journey back was a mournful one. The path was waste and desolate, and their Durham treasure plundered and profaned. Then came Malcolm, King of Scots, bent on a plunder-

ing visit, on which occasion the monarch met Edgar Atheling, the fugitive, and his fair sister Margaret, afterwards to become Queen of Scotland.

In the meantime the church planted by Oswald at Lindisfarne was gradually rising, and Durham lifted its head among the Sees of the kingdom. Hitherto we have only considered St. Cuthbert and his successors as ecclesiastics; we have now to notice the difference between the Bishops of Durham and those of other Sees, and to observe that the spiritual and temporal power of Bishop and Prince Palatine vested in one person.

The word Palatine originated in the palace of the Emperors of Byzantium, and signified nothing more than the inhabitant of a palace; but in time it came to denote an officer of the household, then a governor of a province with delegated power, and at length a feudal prince, who owed little more than nominal subjection to the prince paramount.

William the Conqueror conferred the See of Durham on Walcher, a native of Lorraine, and shortly after in addition the Earldom of Northumberland, and it is probable that then Walcher

assumed the Palatine power which was held by his successors. The near neighbourhood of the Scots, always active and vigilant enemies to Durham, and the insecure and turbulent state of the northern province, ever restless under the Norman yoke, made it necessary that, at such a distance from the seat of power, some one should be empowered to act on an emergency with vigour and promptitude. For four centuries, then, did the Bishops of Durham exercise the rights attached to a distinct and independent sovereignty ; but Walcher, the first of the new order of bishops, did not long enjoy his dignity. Jealousies and insubordination arose ; and when he met to expostulate with the people at Gateshead, he was barbarously put to death, and his body, mangled and insulted, was found naked by the monks of Jarrow, who conveyed it by water first to their own monastery and thence to Durham.

The death of Walcher incensed William highly, and he resorted to his old plan of subjugation. An army led by Odo, his half-brother, the celebrated military bishop, again ravaged the province ;

but Odo's conscience seemed to smite him in after years, for he enriched Durham Church with gifts, sent back a crucifix, which had been plundered, reset with gold and gems, built the keep of the Castle, and thus tried to atone for his misdeeds.

During a visit to Durham William was seized with a strong desire to see the remains of the saint—that incorruptible corpse of which he had heard such marvellous tales; but whether the monks saw in this desire some scepticism as to the miracles reported, or thought it impious to expose the body to common eyes, I cannot say, but that something of the kind was evident is not improbable, especially when William swore, with one of his most fearful oaths, that if the body were not forthcoming, he would behead all the principal people in the city, monks as well as laity.

Slowly, therefore, and fearfully—for their own confidence in the incorruptible remains was waxing faint—they proceeded with trembling steps to St. Cuthbert's shrine, but were spared the trial; for during mass preparatory to the opening of the coffin, the proud Norman was seized with

such a heat, panic, and sickness, that he abruptly left the church, never stopping to partake of the splendid banquet provided for him, and mounted his horse, nor drew bridle until he arrived at the river Tees.

The narrow street through which he rode from the abbey has obtained the name of Kingsgate.

The Battle of the Standard, fought during the reign of Stephen in 1138, was fought during the primacy of Galfred Rufus, on Cowton Moor, near Northallerton, in Northumberland, between the English and Scots. The particulars of the battle scarcely belong to the history of Durham, but it owes its name to the number of relics displayed on the field. The banners of St. Wilfrid, St. John, and St. Peter, the patrons of the northern towns, were considered an invincible protection against the chances of defeat.

At Galfred's death the See was usurped by Cumin, a priest on whom the Bishop had long relied. He was a Scotchman by birth, and there is little of note to record whilst he occupied the chair of Durham.



In 1153 Hugh Pudsey was installed, and when Richard I. prepared to set out for Palestine, the Bishop earnestly desired to accompany him. He appeared so sure of being a welcome companion, that, besides other vessels for the expedition, he prepared a beautiful galley, with a throne of silver, and household and culinary goods equally costly; but the King declined Pudsey's company, though not his treasure, and it was accordingly lent to the Crown. The Bishop was certainly ill-treated, and from motives, probably, of jealousy, he was committed to the Tower, notwithstanding his noble contribution of £2000 of silver, and his having redeemed the plate and Church property at 100 marks, which had been put in requisition for the Crusades. However, on his liberation, he resolved to carry out his determination, and proceeded towards the Holy Land, but on his way to the south he died a most undignified death, according to the chroniclers, who do not hesitate to record that he died of over-eating at Crete: "*Subita eum apud Cretam quasi ex cœnâ hesterna oborta subrepsit ægritudo.*" He was a

great contributor to Durham Cathedral, added the Galilee or West Chapel, and erected a sumptuous shrine for Bede's relics.

The power of the Palatinate was at its height in the primacy of Anthony Bek (1283-1310). He bore a prominent part in the affairs of Edward I.'s reign, and his life was spent more in the court and the camp than in his quiet diocese. When the contest commenced between Baliol and Bruce, and Edward appeared on the Scottish frontier as an enemy, the Bishop attended in princely pomp, and 26 standard bearers, 1000 foot, and 500 horse marched under the consecrated banner of St. Cuthbert. Indeed, whether in time of peace or of war, he always appeared as the military chief of a powerful franchise; but he bears a good character in a moral point of view, and was chaste, temperate, and wise. His life gives a curious idea of the power of the Churchmen during the Middle Ages. He was at once Bishop of Durham, Patriarch of Jerusalem, Governor of the Isle of Man, and as military chieftain able to send his thirty-two banners to the battle of Falkirk.

Hatfield was Bishop in 1345, and during his episcopate it was that the battle of Nevill's Cross was fought, on a moor on the north side of Durham. Where, says Davies, two roads pass, a most notable, famous, and godly cross of stonework was erected to the honour of God, and stood till 1589, when, in the night-time, it was broken by some who, it seemed, loved Christ the worse for the cross's sake, contemning all ancient ceremonies and monuments; but it is possible that one existed there before the battle. The church shared largely in the victory, and the celebrated Black Rood of Scotland was offered at St. Cuthbert's shrine.

Wolsey held the bishopric from 1552 for a short time, but resigned it for that of Winchester.

At the time of the dissolution of monasteries Cuthbert Tunstall was in the See. He was a man honourably distinguished in a persecuting age for meekness and forbearance. Under Edward VI. he was deprived of his bishopric, was restored under Mary, and in Elizabeth's reign finally lost it. Erasmus was sincerely attached to this pre-

late, and in one of his letters he thus speaks of the loss he had sustained in his companionship on leaving England: "I seem now scarcely to live. Tunstall is torn from me, and I know not where I shall fly to."

Cosin, Dean of Peterborough, on his return from his seventeen years' banishment during the troubles of the civil war and the succeeding Commonwealth, was made Bishop of Durham by Charles II. He had, during his exile, proved a good and faithful pastor to that portion of the Church which had taken refuge in Paris, and when raised to the elevation of a Bishop he was no less the father and shepherd of his flock. He strictly enforced the too frequently neglected practice of the residence of ministers in their separate parishes, and statedly visited in his diocese.

Since the Restoration the history of the bishops affords but little interesting material, and we will now give a hasty glance at the Cathedral itself as well as its antiquities.

Durham, like Lincoln, enjoys the advantage of a noble site. The city being nearly surrounded

by the river Wear, forms a kind of peninsula, the centre of which rises to a considerable height, with the Cathedral at the summit, surrounded at its base by buildings and hanging gardens, which descend to the river.

The way up to the rising ground on which the Cathedral stands is through steep and narrow lanes, which lead into a fine open space.

The palace or castle, now occupied as the University of Durham, forms one side, and the descent to an ancient bridge is beneath the monuments of ancient magnificence. A beautiful walk leads along the base overhanging the river at a considerable height. The eastern extremity, where the nine altars are, was probably in the original plan of the Norman building semicircular, and the nave and the choir were open to the timber roof, instead of being, as at present, vaulted; but much of the true Norman building is still before us when we gaze on the semicircular arches and the tall massive pillars of Durham Cathedral, some of which are curiously decorated, and are twenty-three feet in circumference.

The Galilee Chapel was the first addition to the original structure, and was built in the latter part of the twelfth century by Hugh de Pudsey.

The great tower was finished by Richard Stotoun, Prior in 1290, who had also the honour of completing the Chapel of the Nine Altars, dedicated to different saints, in the midst of which were those of St. Cuthbert and St. Bede. Next to these nine altars was the goodly monument of St. Cuthbert: "And in the midst of the high altar was the shrine exalted, with most curious work of costly fine green marble, limned and gilt with gold, and four seats and places convenient underneath for pilgrims or lame men to rest and lean upon. At the west end was a small altar where mass was said only on his day in Lent, at which solemnity the Prior and convent kept open house in the frater-house and dined altogether; and at this feast and certain others the cover was drawn up, and at the drawing six silver bells did ring which were fastened to the rope." The contents of the shrine were very costly, and the Rood of Scotland not its least treasure.

The old historian of Durham\* relates that within the church on Good Friday was a marvellous solemn service. "After the Passion was sung, two of the elder monks took a gold crucifix with the picture of our Saviour nailed there, and laying it on a velvet cushion, brought it to the lowest step of the quire and there did hold the picture, sitting on either side. Then one of the said monks did rise and go away, and with his shoes off, creeping on his knees, came and most reverently did kiss it. After that came the Prior in like manner, and so all the monks, while the quire sang; and then the cross was carried to the sepulchre with great reverence, which was set up nigh the high altar, and there lay it with devotion with another picture, in whose breast they enclose the blessed sacra of the altar, and set two tapers, which burned till Easter Day."

Women were not permitted to come to St. Cuthbert's refectory, nor to enter the precincts of the monastery, St. Cuthbert having taken an oath never to look upon a woman.

An account of the defacement of the shrine in

---

\* Surtees' Durham.

the reign of Henry VIII. is given by an historian of the Cathedral.

"The sacred shrine was defaced at the visitation by Dr. Lee, Dr. Henley, and Mr. Blithman, in King Henry VIII.'s time. They found many worthy, goodly jewels, especially one precious stone, which, by the estimate of the lapidaries, was worthy to redeem a prince. After taking the spoyle, suspecting to find only dust, the goldsmith with his great hammer broke the chest, but found the saint lying whole and incorruptible, when the goldsmith said he had broke one of his legs in opening the chest, and cried, 'Alas !' at which Dr. Henley bid him cast down the bones; on which he answered he could not yet get them asunder, for the sinews and skin held them so; and they crept up to see, and finding his body whole, they carried him into the revesty, ordering him to be kept there till the king's pleasure was known; and he was reburied in the ground where his shrine had stood."

Bede's tomb was also broken up at the same time.

Durham University was founded during Cromwell's Protectorate, originating in the abolition of



deans and chapters; but at the Restoration, when the lands were resumed, the University disappeared. Oxford and Cambridge previously petitioned Richard Cromwell during his short Protectorate against the power given to the University by his father to grant degrees equally with themselves.

In 1831 an academical institution was again granted to the city, in connection with the Cathedral; and degrees are taken and the college is fairly prosperous.

Durham is certainly one of the most interesting of our cathedral cities, and as we trace the legendary stories, and see the figures of men like Cuthbert and Aidan rising through the mists and superstitions of the past, we may yet take a lesson for the present, and try to be thankful for our day of purer light and wider knowledge, and holding steadfast to the faith once delivered to the saints, bring its influence to bear upon every practical detail of daily life; and so show forth the praises of Him who asks from us that which is more precious in His sight than jewels and gold,—the devotion of mind and life to His service.

## CARLISLE.

*Bishopric founded 1133.*

ST. AUGUSTINE—BORDER WARFARE—THE ROYAL PRISONER  
IN THE CASTLE—WILLIE KENMORE—SIEGES.

“**B**ONNY Carlisle,” as the old city is called in Border song, stands pleasantly on a slight eminence in the midst of a fertile plain, watered by three rivers, the Calder, the Peterel, and the Eden. Beyond the plain we see, as we approach the ancient city, a hazy, mysterious distance of mountain, cloud, and mist, well in character with the Border land.

Carlisle was a place of considerable interest during the settlement of the Romans in Britain, and being one of the frontier towns, was the scene of endless vicissitudes.

Many a stirring and mournful tale could these mouldering castle walls have told, if walls had

tongues, of Scottish woes long concealed there ; of brave Wallace and of unhappy Mary, and of many others not less suffering but less illustrious than these on the page of history.

The glory of Carlisle, if ever it possessed glory, is departed, and hence all the interest that it has for us is the interest of association.

The richly endowed priory is no more, and all its treasures, its festivals, its solemn ceremonies, and its costly shrines are now as a tale that is told.

The two wealthy convents that it boasted have passed away. The meeting-place of gay courts, of lordly parliaments, of steel-clad barons, and of English chivalry is now a matter-of-fact, commonplace looking city, with less than an average share of objects of architectural beauty, even as regards the venerable Cathedral, which is built of a coarse reddish freestone, and has a bad effect unless viewed from a distance, when it may be said to be almost imposing in its appearance.

The notice of the Cathedral must, from scarcity of material, be short, and begins in the year 875, when the whole of Deira was conquered

by Halfden, the Dane, who divided it among his followers; and the destruction of Carlisle is supposed to have taken place about that time. William II., in 1092, on his return from Scotland, took up his abode in the desolate city, and being struck with the beauty of its situation and its importance as a frontier town, resolved on its restoration. In 1101 a Priory was completed and endowed by Henry I., who made his confessor, Athelwold, the first Prior, and thirty-two years after, when Carlisle was erected into a Bishop's See, the same Prior was made first Bishop of the diocese. The origin of the Cathedral seems doubtful, but history tells us that Egfrid, King of Northumbria, surrounded the city with strong walls and placed within it a college of secular priests, giving it to St. Cuthbert, who visited it in 686. Carlisle was at that time only an appendage to the See of Lindisfarne; but that some church had been in existence here in Saxon times is evident from the Saxon remains. The Cathedral has, during the last few years, like most of our cathedrals, undergone the process of

restoration and repair. The north and south aisles were built by William Rufus, and the choir between 1363 and 1397, when indulgences and remissions of penance were granted to such of the laity as contributed money or material to the work. The Priory to which the Cathedral was attached had many reputed relics of saints; amongst them two stones from the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. In the civil wars of the great rebellion Carlisle Cathedral was sadly mutilated, and what was left of the nave is now converted into a parish church, the service being performed in the choir. The ancient chapter-house and cloisters disappeared in these wars, and the refectory has since then been used as a chapter-house.

A small chapel dedicated to St. Catherine adjoined the transept in the south aisle, which was separately founded and endowed by John de Capella, a citizen of Carlisle, previous to 1266; at this time an attempt was made to deprive it of some of its revenues, but Bishop Appleby gave notice that he should excommunicate the offenders by bell, book, and candle, unless

restitution was made before the expiration of ten days.

Perhaps the most interesting remains in the church are the traces of legendary paintings; over each is a distich in uncouth rhyme, taken from the histories of St. Antony, St. Cuthbert, and St. Augustine.

The association of Augustine's name with the Cathedral may make a short story of his wonderful life appropriate here. We must bear in mind that he is not to be confounded with the Roman missionary of the same name, of whom we had so much to tell in connection with Canterbury, and who landed in this country in 596, under the direction of Pope Gregory.

The Augustine whose life is commemorated in the old paintings at Carlisle was born, as he tells us in his 277th Epistle, at Thagaste, a small town in Africa, in the inland part of Numidia, in the year 354. His father's name was Patricius, and his mother's Monica, who was a gentle, holy woman.

When he was young, St. Augustine seems to

have led a wild and reckless life, and to have had no settled religious convictions. He studied the works of Cicero with great zest; but Chalmers relates that while he was reading the celebrated "Hortensius" he became uneasy at never finding in this work of philosophy the name of Jesus—a name which he recalled as having so often fallen from his mother's lips in early childhood.

Augustine then began to study the Holy Scriptures, but was too proud in heart to submit to their teaching, and as yet quite unable to discern their simple beauty.

Meantime he was becoming famous as a rhetorician, and taught eloquence at his native town of Thagaste, as well as at Carthage, Rome, and Milan.

He went to Milan in 384, where St. Ambrose was Bishop, and his sermons, and the tears and entreaties of his mother Monica, are said to have been mainly instrumental in his conversion to Christianity. He was baptized by Ambrose in 387.

And now he gave up his rhetoric, and devoted

himself to the study of the Gospels, first going to Rome, but settling afterwards for nearly three years at Thagaste, where he wrote several of his works.

When he was at Hippo, Valerius, Bishop of that See, ordained him priest; and at a council held there in 393, he showed such learning and eloquence that the Bishops chose him as one of their number, and he succeeded Valerius in the See of Hippo.

Augustine established a kind of clerical community in his own house, and this is the origin of the Augustine Canons, or Canons Regular, who were less strict than the usual order of monks, although they lived together under one rule, and had a common dormitory and refectory.

Augustine employed most of his time in writing, and his works are numerous; but in his later years he was greatly disturbed by the Vandals, who had overrun Africa, and his literary labours were a great burden to him. Carthage and Hippo were besieged, and St. Augustine, though pressed by his associates to retire, refused to flee. Still he saw



the danger to which Hippo was exposed, and dreading to see it fall into the hands of the enemy, prayed to be taken away ere that time came. During the third month of the siege his prayer was answered, and he died at the age of seventy-six of a fever. The Vandals, it should be remarked, showed respect to his body, to his library, and to his works; the library at the time containing no less than 232 separate books or treatises on theological subjects, besides an exposition of the Psalter and the Gospels, and many homilies and epistles.

The Catholic Bishops of Africa carried his body to the island of Sardinia, and some years afterwards it was removed to Pavia.

"The character of Augustine," says Chalmers, "ought to be considered with reference to the times in which he lived, and the state of learning and religion then. There is no doubt that, with many human frailties, he may be ranked among the bright and useful characters in a dark age, who preserved and elucidated many of those doctrines which are held sacred in days of fuller light and

knowledge." Several of the principal scenes in the life of Augustine are recorded in these ancient pictures and rhymes at Carlisle Cathedral, and the scene of one is where the young man, moved by Monica's prayers and Ambrose's sermons, is softened to receive the truths of the Gospel, not, as appears from the rhyme, however, without miraculous interposition—

"There weeping and wayling as he lay,  
Sodenly a voice then herd he say,  
Tolle-lye—Tolle-lye." \*

This monastery was the only one in England connected with a Cathedral which belongs to the Order of St. Austin. The monks of St. Austin were little known in England till after the Conquest. Their habit was a long black cassock, with a white rochet, and over that a black cloak and hood. As a rule, monks were shaved close, but these Canons wore beards, and caps on their heads.

We cannot enter here into the long list of Border battles which are associated with Carlisle. In

---

\* "Tolle-lye," that is "Take up," the words which Augustine thought he heard supernaturally.

1216 the city was besieged by the Scots under King Alexander, taken, and again restored; and later, John Comyn Earl of Buchan, the Earl of Monteith, and other of the Scottish nobility, entered Cumberland and burned part of the suburbs of Carlisle. The inhabitants and garrison resisted bravely, and the assailants withdrew. The women of Carlisle distinguished themselves on this occasion, and annoyed the unlucky Scots terribly by pouring boiling water on their heads, and rolling stones upon them from the castle walls.

In Bruce's time Carlisle was the meeting-place when the English army marched into Scotland under Aymer de Valence and the Pope's Legate. The court met here on the 28th of February 1307, "when the cardinal, after preaching in the Cathedral, re-vested himself and the other bishops, and then, with candles alight, and causing the bells to be rung, they accursed in terrible wise the usurper, Robert Bruce, with his partakers."\* Edward I., as is well known, died almost immediately on

---

\* Holinshead.

leaving Carlisle, and a message was sent for his son, who received the homage of the nobles and prelates in the castle of the city.

A memorable scene in the annals of Cumberland occurred one Sunday evening in the year of our Lord 1568. A May evening it was, when a common fishing-boat, with a fair lady and sixteen attendants, crossed the Solway Firth and landed at Workington. Money she had none, nay, not even a change of raiment. The lady was the Queen of Scotland, the beautiful Mary Stuart. The dreary life at Lochleven had tired her out; she had escaped from her subjects, and now came to seek refuge in the country of her cousin, Queen Elizabeth. As soon as she landed she sat down to write to the maiden Queen, to tell her the history of her woes, and beseech her protection.

Some gentlemen in the neighbourhood received her kindly, and conducted her to Cockermouth, and on the following day she was seen entering Carlisle city. The castle was opened to her as her prison, but not her home; and she felt this; for not all the fair promises of Sir Francis Knollys,

who came posting from London with messages of hollow comfort from Elizabeth, could set the poor Queen's mind at ease.

Lord Scrope, governor and warden of Carlisle, waited on the captive in the castle, having previously spoken with the Scotch Lord Herries, who said he hoped the English Queen would either give his mistress aid and comfort, or suffer her to pass through the country into France. "And after this," write Scrope and Knollys to Elizabeth, "repairing into the castle, we found the Queen of Scots in her chamber of presence, ready to receive us."

The deputies then presented the poor lady—for indeed she was Queen no longer—with Elizabeth's letter, in which she informed her that she could not honourably receive her as a guest into her presence until she was cleared of Darnley's murder. Mary's astonishment at the tone of this epistle is thus described:—

"She fell into some passion, with the water in her eyes, and therewith drew us with her into her bed-chamber, where she complained unto us for

that your Highness did not answer her expectation in admitting her into your presence forthwith, and expressing her determination to pass into France, sure of help, both in that country and Spain, against her turbulent subjects."

This, however, was just what Elizabeth was determined to prevent; therefore soothing her with false professions of affection, and bribing her thereby to keep her Scottish friends out of England, the Queen's envoys promised to use every effort on her behalf. Knollys, who appears to have been vice-chamberlain, and captain of the Queen's guard, seems to have been a poor advocate for Mary, and warns Elizabeth in his despatches from Carlisle, "that many gentlemen of divers shires here adjoining her realm heard her defence of innocence and her accusations against her enemies. And therefore," continues he, "I, the vice-chamberlain, do refer it to your Highness' better consideration whether it were not honourable for you, in the sight of your subjects and of all foreign princes, to put her Grace to the choice whether she will depart freely into her country,

without your Highnesse's impeachment, or whether she will remain at your Highnesse's devotion within your realm here, with her necessary servants only to attend upon her. And yet I think it is likely that, if she had her own choice, she would not go back into her realm presently." (Very likely not, when only a prison awaited her there.) "And, on the other side, she cannot be kept so rigorously a prisoner with your Highnesse's honour, in my opinion, but that with devices of towels or toys at her chamber window, or else, when in the night, a lady of her agility and spirit may escape soon, being so near the border. And surely to have her carried far into the realm is the highway to a dangerous sedition, as I suppose."\*

Another interview between Knollys and Mary at the castle took place a day or two after; and when Knollys broadly hinted that the suspicion was strong against Mary for her husband's murder, tears fell from her eyes, for she was greatly

---

\* The original of this curious letter is in the British Museum Library, among the Cottonian MSS.

given to passionate weeping, and Knollys owns that when he saw those tears he began to comfort her. The fact is, that the vice-chamberlain was sorely puzzled between his allegiance to his own Queen and his admiration of the beauty, spirit, and grace of the poor captive. "For," says he, when addressing Cecil in a letter on the 11th of June from Carlisle, in which he declares his wish to be rid of any part in Mary's detention, "this lady and princess is a notable woman. She seemeth to regard no ceremonious honour besides the acknowledgment of her state regal." It was evidently a matter of policy to declare Mary's guilt; and in such a case it was thought Elizabeth would be justified in assisting Murray, the Regent of Scotland, to keep his sister a close prisoner.

In the meantime several indulgences were granted Mary, that it might not appear as though the Queen were a prisoner. The vice-chamberlain became alarmed.

"Once," says he, "she rode out a hunting the hare, galloping so fast, and her whole retinue so well horsed, that we, upon experience thereof,



doubting that upon a set course some of her friends out of Scotland might invade and assault us upon the sudden for to rescue and take her from us, we mean hereafter, if any such riding be required that way, to hold ourselves excused on that behalf."

We must not dwell on this subject. There were not wanting those who raised alarms in Elizabeth's mind that Mary aspired to her crown, and that, in seeking alliance with the Pope, with France, and with Spain, she conspired to take her life. More forces were sent to Carlisle; and on the 16th of July her history there terminates.

It had been resolved to carry her into a place of greater safety, well moated round, even to Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire, a place described by Knollys "as very strong, fair, and stately—the highest walled house he had ever seen." He then compares its safety with that of Carlisle, saying how, at Carlisle Castle, the Queen's chamber had a window looking out towards Scotland, and had the bars been filed asunder, she might have been let down and had clear ground to her own country.

There was also an old postern door, which Scrope and Knollys and three other captains by turn watched day and night; and then another window of her chamber which opened into an orchard close under the town wall, and thus was very dangerous. So that, altogether, Bolton Castle was preferable to that of Carlisle.

Poor Mary! touching and interesting are the thoughts which are associated with her in that old castle. Ruined as it is, we can still look on the same hills which she saw from her window in bygone times—that blue line of hills, that misty distance. We can call her figure back to the green terrace walk (the Lady's Walk, as it is called) which, we are told, she used mournfully to pace, and can well imagine how her heart failed her when the portcullis was raised, and she left her first English prison under a strong guard of soldiers for the Castle of Kimbolton.\*

---

\* The tower in which Mary was confined was at the south-east corner of the castle, and the windows commanded an extensive and beautiful prospect. "The sun shone fair on Carlisle walls" indeed, but its brightness only made her imprisonment the more sad. Another account of the removal of Mary is in a letter from

One of the last exploits on the Scottish Border occurred during Elizabeth's reign, and as it has more interest attached to it than many of the adventures of the time, we will tell the story here.

There had been a succession of quarrels between the Scots and English, who were very near neighbours in this part of the country. Encroachments made on landed property and trifling disputes between the owners often ended in bloody frays and conflicts. The English and Scotch Wardens and their deputies had held a day of truce for settling Border quarrels, and having parted good friends, were returning to their respective homes. At all such meetings it was the general rule on the Border that there should be a truce for four-and-twenty hours, and that all men who attended the Warden, on either side, to the conference should have permission to

---

Sir Thomas Knollys, who appears to have been heartily weary of the charge of this beautiful and fascinating queen. "Surely," says he, "if I shall declare the difficulties that we have passed through, before we could get her to remove, in a single letter, I should wryte a storye, and that somewhat magicall."

ride home again undisturbed. There had come to the meeting with other Border men a notorious depredator called William Armstrong, known by the name of *Kinmont Willie*. This man was riding home on the north side of the Liddell, where the stream divides England from Scotland, when some of the English, who had a grudge against him, or had suffered from his incursions, were unable to resist the temptation of attacking him. They darted across the river, pursued Kinmont Willie within a mile of Scotland, and brought him back prisoner to Carlisle Castle, he all the while loudly protesting against the breach of the truce, and demanding to be set at liberty. Lord Scrope was at that time Warden of Carlisle, and Lord Buccleuch of Liddesdale, when he heard of Kinmont Willie's capture, complained of the breach of Border laws, and as no redress came, Buccleuch determined to effect the prisoner's relief the best way he could.

One night, therefore, Buccleuch marched upon Carlisle with three hundred men. A small detachment of these dismounted at the gate, and

the rest remained on horseback to repel any attack from the town. It was a misty, rainy night when, in silence, the soldiers entered the city, and arriving at the castle walls, tried to scale them by means of ladders, which proved, however, too short to serve the purpose. Disappointed, but not discouraged, the brave band of men burst open a postern or wicket door, and entered the castle. In a very short time they released Kinmont Willie from his dungeon, who shouted a triumphant, "Good-night, my Lord Scrope; have ye any news for Scotland?" Salkelde, the constable, and Lord Scrope were both in the castle.

Sir Walter Scott says that a cottage on the roadside between Lacytown and Langholm is still pointed out as the dwelling of the smith who was employed to knock off Armstrong's irons after his escape. Tradition has also preserved the account given by the smith's little daughter of that eventful night, or rather morning.

"There was," she declared, "a sair clatter at the door at daybreak," and a loud cry for her to



CARLISLE.  
(RESCUE OF KINMONT WILLIE).



father's services. The smith seems to have been sound asleep, but Buccleuch himself thrust his lance through the window, which effectually roused him. The girl looked out at the noise, and saw in the grey light of morning more gentlemen than she had ever seen before in one place, all on horseback, and all in armour, dripping wet. Kinmont Willie was seated woman-fashion behind one of the gentlemen, whom she describes as the "biggest carle" she ever saw; and the whole company was right merry. "There never was a more gallant deed of vassalage done in Scotland," says an old historian, "no, not in Wallace's days." Queen Elizabeth was, however, very indignant, and demanded that Buccleuch should be delivered up to the English for committing such an aggression on her frontier in time of peace.

The matter was laid before the Scottish Parliament, and James VI., England's future king, took Elizabeth's part. The end of it was, that Buccleuch proposed to go over to England and confer with the Queen, who granted him an interview.

Elizabeth asked how he dared attack a castle



in her dominions in such a manner, and the proud Border chief, all undaunted, replied, "I know not the thing which a man *dare not do!*"

This reply pleased the Tudor queen, who had, as she once said to her doubting lords, "a man's heart in a frail woman's body;" and Buccleuch was forgiven and honourably treated during his short sojourn in England.

An old ballad is preserved which commemorates this event:—

"O have ye na heard o' the fause Salkelde?  
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?  
How they ha' ta'en hauld o' Kinmont Willie  
On Warribee to hang him up."

During the civil wars of Charles I.'s time Carlisle was besieged; and in 1745, when Prince Charles Edward Stuart tried to possess himself of the English throne, it was the scene of many frays, and the old timeworn castle was besieged for some days, when Charles Edward was finally proclaimed at the market-cross.

The Duke of Cumberland, however, soon forced

the citizens of Carlisle to surrender ; and among the prisoners taken was a certain Colonel Townley, who, with many more, was executed in London for rebellion. Colonel Townley's head was mounted on a long pole, and subsequently placed in a grated box in Carlisle citadel. Here it was kept for many years, a frightful and ghastly object bleaching in the sun. Strange to say, a little wren built her nest within the skull, and flew in and out of her unwonted home through the eye-holes.

Amongst the distinguished people whose names are associated with Carlisle is that of Paley the theologian, who was born at Peterborough in 1743, and died in 1805. He was a prebendary of the Cathedral, and he is buried in the north aisle. His best work is that on "Natural Theology."

Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle, the friend of Wilberforce and Pitt, was a bold, impressive, and energetic preacher, and a man of considerable ability.

Usher, Bishop of the diocese, was an Irishman,

and born at Dublin. In 1640, after having made some mark in the literary world by his works, he was invited to England, and found himself plunged at once into the midst of religious discord and civil contention. During the impeachment of the Earl of Strafford he was consulted by that nobleman in regard to his defence, and was also the confidant of Charles I. at the time of Strafford's trial. He accompanied him to the scaffold, and was with him to the last.

In 1641 a rebellion broke out in Ireland, and he found in consequence he had suffered severe losses. Amidst the general spoliation and misery the Bishop always remained a faithful royalist, and when loyalty was accounted a crime, he did not fear to brave the consequences of boldly confessing himself guilty. He died at the age of seventy-five in 1656, and Cromwell appointed him a funeral in Westminster Abbey—a pleasant testimony to the respect and honour which sincerity and loyalty can receive.

*CHESTER.*

CHESTER A ROMAN TOWN—ST. WERBURGA—THE TOWN AND  
THE ROWS—THE CATHEDRAL—GEORGE MARSH, THE  
CHESTER MARTYR—A SCENE AT THE BLUE POSTS INN.

**I**N the end of the year 1541, says Burnet in his History of the Reformation, were the new bishoprics founded. For in December was the Abbey of Westminster converted into a bishop's see, with a deanery and twelve prebendaries, and the officers for a cathedral and choir. And in the year following the King erected out of the monastery of St. Werburga at Chester a bishopric, deanery, and six prebends.

In September, out of the monastery of St. Peter's, Gloucester, the King endowed a bishopric, deanery, and six prebends; and in the same month the Abbey of Peterborough was converted

into a bishop's see, as well as the Abbey of Oseney in Oxford, and the monastery of St. Austin in Bristol.

The priories in most of the existing cathedrals were also at the time converted into deaneries and colleges of prebendaries, with many other offices, and an allowance of charity yearly distributed to the poor; but all this fell far short of Cranmer's design, for he had desired to see in every cathedral city a college for readers of divinity, and also of Greek and Hebrew, and that every bishop should have his college of clergymen under his own eye.

These new foundations gave credit for a time to the King's proceedings, and made the suppression of chantries and chapels go on more smoothly.

Amongst those new bishoprics Chester has great interest, though the Cathedral itself is not one of the most striking in England. In no place, however, is the trace of the old Romans in England more remarkably seen, the very name of Chester being literally *castrum* or *castor*, meaning castle. Generally this word has a prefix, as in Man-chester, Ro-chester, &c. The old

inhabitants of the county often called this city by the name of West-chester.

The plan of the town is eminently Roman. The distribution of the streets—the two main thoroughfares crossing one another at right angles in the centre of the city—is peculiarly so; and some remains of coins, inscribed tiles, stones, and altars—the common relics of our first conquerors—prove it beyond a doubt to have been a Roman foundation. In 1653 an altar inscribed to Jupiter was dug up, which had been raised by an officer of the twentieth legion, called the Victorious. Other traces of this particular legion have also been found, confirming what we read in Antoninus' "Itinerary," that at Deva—evidently the Dee or a fort on the Dee—the twentieth legion had its station.

The possession of this town was evidently a point of great importance to the Saxons and the remnant of the Britons. The two nations, indeed, seem to have possessed it by turns, and it was one of the last to yield to Saxon power. In the Saxon Chronicle it is mentioned that Ethel-

frid, King of Northumbria, took it from the Britons, and held it until A.D. 830, when it fell into Egbert's power.

From that period to the Norman Conquest (1066), Chester is frequently mentioned in Saxon annals, and the chroniclers tell us with great exultation that King Edwin was one day rowed by six kings—no doubt small Welsh princes—on the waters of the Dee. The retention of Chester as a frontier fortress gave it importance, but it had also a certain consequence as a refuge for the inhabitants of the coast during the frequent Danish panics.

On one occasion, when a descent from the Danes was feared, the body of St. Werburga, a Saxon saint, daughter of Wulphere, King of Mercia, which had been preserved as a precious relic, was brought to Chester for security. This was probably in 875, and when the panic abated the relics still remained.

No doubt some religious community already existed here, but now Saint Werburga became the tutelar saint. A convent was founded, where she

was held in special reverence, and in whose church her relics were sumptuously enshrined. The house flourished through all the chances and changes of six centuries and a half, its annual revenue being no less than £1000. It was dissolved at the Reformation with other secular institutions.

At the time of the Conquest, this city and shire were given in one sweeping grant to Hugh D'Avranche, commonly called Hugh Lupus, or Hugh the Wolf, whose favourite device was that of a wolf's head. Hugh was a near relation of the Norman Duke William, and was made possessor of this part of the country with the Saxon title of Earl. Cheshire then became, like Durham, a County Palatine, having courts peculiar to itself, and the custody of its own records. Hugh was indeed a little king in his own territory; he lived in the Castle of Chester, and there held his court and parliament. In this parliament sat the superiors of the religious houses in the county. There were six successive Earls of Chester, but the line ended in the reign of Henry III.

From the time of the Norman Conquest to the



Reformation, Chester was often visited by royalty, and was a place of great trade. A German traveller calls it the mother of Liverpool; for at a time when commerce was but little known in the Mersey, the fame of Chester on the Dee was spread in Germany, Spain, and France.

Besides the great monastery of St. Werburga, there was a religious community of women within the walls. Black, White, and Grey Friars had each an establishment, and hospitals of St. Anna and St. John the Baptist,—the latter of which escaped suppression at the time of the Reformation.

The house of St. Werburga being dissolved, its church became the Cathedral of the new See, and the revenue of the old monastery provided for the maintenance of bishop, dean, and prebendaries.

The space occupied by the conventual buildings is very large, and shows how grand and noble the establishment must have been. The hospitality of the Benedictine monks of St. Werburga is noted. Its dependents resembled those of the great barons in numbers and importance.

A curious document shows us that at the period when the monks only counted twenty-eight, the Abbey cook was allied to families of importance, and his riches and perquisites were enormous.

The remains of the Abbey, the great gate, and cloisters, forming a quadrangle of 110 feet square, in the style of the fifteenth century, remain. The south walk is gone, but on that side six semicircular arches on short pillars mark the place of burial of the Norman Abbots. Before the great Abbey gate a yearly fair was celebrated at the feast of St. Werburga, and here the booths were arranged for the merchants who brought goods from various lands, and disposed of them under red coverings which the monks were chartered to procure from Stanton Marsh. Here, too, were performed "the Chester mysteries," miracle plays, ascribed to a monk called Ralph Higden.\*

Two or three of these mysteries have come down to us in manuscript, and are taken principally from Scripture subjects. The performance

---

\* The miracle play which is performed every ten years at Ammergau, near Munich, still attracts thousands of spectators.

of these plays was frequent in the Middle Ages, not only in England, but throughout Europe.

Chester Cathedral has been elaborately restored, and though neither large nor striking, is well worth a visit. It is built of the old red sandstone of the country, which takes a deep rich colour in the sunshine, and the church often looks beautiful as the western glow lies on its old walls.

The city of Chester is remarkable for the completeness with which its original appearance as a town of mediæval times is preserved. The old wall is to be found, wonderfully perfect, for ten miles surrounding the city. Kehl, the German traveller, says : "A very curious promenade it is, sometimes uphill, sometimes down ; at one point closely wedged in between houses, while at another the narrow path passes under some ancient watchtower ; here it runs under a gateway, there we must descend a flight of steps because the wall has been cleared to make room for a street ; now we pass behind the old cathedral, and now in front of the castle, converted into barracks."

The long covered passages called rows extend through the first floors of the houses parallel with the streets.

I daresay most of my readers have seen these rows, and know how the first floor of each house is open to the street, the upper floor being supported by beams or pillars, and the side walls pierced through to allow a continuous passage along the first floors of all the houses.

These rows do not form a regular gallery. Sometimes, indeed, a tall man is obliged to stoop as he goes through a small house, while in another the space is as lofty as a saloon. In one house the row is lower than in the preceding one, and there are steps to descend. A handsome iron railing fronts the street in some places, while in others there is only a worm-eaten paling. In the better houses the supporting columns are strong and covered with aptique ornaments, while in others the wooden piles seem hastening to decay. The ground floors of these rows are principally inhabited by small tradesmen, but the best shops in the city are to be

found at the back of the rows. The streets are cut in the solid rock, at a lower level than the footways.

There are some interesting associations with Chester connected with one who was true to his conception of what he believed to be right, and was faithful unto death—a cruel and terrible death, from which we turn with a double shrinking when we remember that religion was made the plea for George Marsh's tortures.\*

Passing through a fine old gateway blackened with time and smoke, we come to the Abbey Square. The Bishop's Palace, which is on our right and adjoins the Cathedral, is where the Abbots of Chester lived. The upper part of the palace is modern; the ground floor, which now lies beneath the level of the garden court, remains as it was at the time of the Reformation. It was here, in this ancient hall, that Bishop Cotes summoned George Marsh to appear before him in the reign of Queen Mary to answer for his heretical opinions.

---

\* The story of George Marsh is taken from Taylor's "*Memoirs of English Martyrs*."

He had been a curate in Leicestershire, and was a native of Deane, in Lancashire. Marsh was confined in a little room in the Palace Lodge; the cell is now pulled down, but in the memory of some now living the staples and rings of rusty iron, by which the poor prisoner was fastened to the wall, were to be seen.

A little door from the farther end of the dining-room at the Palace leads to a narrow staircase through a small chapel to the stone steps descending into the nave of the Cathedral. The shrine of St. Werburga is still there, and an unlettered tomb supposed to be that of Henry IV. of Germany, who, when under the ban of Pope Hildebrand, is said to have lived and died at Chester. The Lady Chapel, now beautifully restored, is the place where George Marsh stood bravely before Bishop Cotes, and refused to compromise his faith. Martin George Wensloe, the Chancellor of Chester, was also present, bent on Marsh's destruction, and his keeper and many more, armed with pikes, bills, and divers weapons.

The prisoner had already written his answer,

the result of certain examinations, which was read to him, and the Chancellor asked him if he would still stand by his former confession. To every question George Marsh answered "Yes." Priests called upon him in vain to recant, to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, to give assent to many doctrines peculiar to the Roman Church. Then, in their mistaken zeal, they bade the prisoner kneel down and pray, and they would pray for him. He bade them pray if they would, and he would pray for them. The Bishop more than once began to read his condemnation, and as often, at the instance of the Chancellor, stopped.

"Now," said the Bishop, with undignified heat. "Now will I pray no more for thee than I will for a dog."

"Notwithstanding will I pray for your Lordship," Marsh rejoined, and so the conference ended.

It is impossible to call back the memory of that scene in the Ladye Chapel of Chester without thanking God that our religious convictions are not now challenged with "pike and bill," and that no fiery death lies before the man who bravely

confesses his faith. When we remember that this scene at Chester, and many, many others of a like character, were enacted in England scarcely more than three hundred years ago, we may rejoice that those days of bigotry are past, and in that Cathedral, where once the condemnation of a good man was read by a Bishop, the messengers of the Gospel of peace have proclaimed the good news with no uncertain sound. Amongst these, in our own day, has been heard the voice of one who being dead yet speaks, whose bust we noticed in the baptistery of Westminster Abbey—the voice of Charles Kingsley, who for some years was Canon of Chester Cathedral, and whose memory lingers as a precious thing amongst many who loved him in that ancient city, where his presence was as a breath of fresh, invigorating air from some mountain top to the dwellers in crowded streets.

After George Marsh's condemnation he was delivered up to the Sheriffs of the city. His late keeper then addressing him, said, with tears, "Farewell, good George." His prison was now



no longer in the precincts of the palace, but in a dismal cell on the city walls, near the North Gate. There were a few citizens in Chester who loved him for Christ's sake, although unknown to him in person; and sometimes in the quiet evenings they stole to the hole upon the city walls opening into the dark prison, and spoke kindly to the sufferer. Then George Marsh would answer cheerily that he did well, and thanked God that He had of His mercy appointed him to be a witness of His truth, and besought Him to give him grace not to faint under the cross, but to bear the same patiently to His glory and the comfort of His Church.

The day of his execution drew nigh. The Sheriffs and their officers went to the North Gate and took Marsh from his cell. There was an old custom, peculiar, it is believed, to Chester, of placing money in the hands of a felon going to execution that he might give it to a priest to say masses for his soul, and money was offered to Marsh for the purpose. But he would not touch it, and requested some good man to take whatever

\_\_\_\_\_

1

1

1

1

1



CHESTER.

(GEORGE MARSH REFUSING THE ROYAL PARDON).

was thus bestowed and give to the prisoners or the poor.

And so he went forward with his eyes bent upon the book in his hand, and many of the people as he passed by said, "This man goeth not forth unto his death as a thief, or as one that deserveth to die."

The martyr was brought to an open space near the Spittal Boughton. This is near a pleasant garden, sloping in a terrace down to the river. But up to a recent date the gallows used to be erected here, and the spot was so sad in its associations, that it was considered as desecrated ground, and only lately has been bought by an inhabitant of the city.

The blue distant mountains were lying in the soft light of morning, calm and peaceful, the smiling river flowed onward to the sea, and southward the rich green meadows and waving woods bounded the view, as George Marsh passed on to death.

A letter was shown him to tempt him to spurn the banner of the Cross, from which he turned

aside, declaring that forasmuch as it would pluck him from God, he would not accept it. The sealed paper was the promise of pardon if he recanted.

One of the Sheriffs and his armed followers, touched by the meek endurance of the steadfast man, now determined to attempt a rescue. A struggle, a fight, and a defeat ensued. The Sheriff, Master Crofts, had to flee for his life, and escaped over Holt Bridge, down the Dee, into Wales, where he lived an outlaw until the accession of Queen Elizabeth.

George Marsh was not suffered to speak to the people, or warn them to cleave close to Christ. Amry, the High Sheriff, saying, "George Marsh, we must have no sermonising here."

Unnecessary and cruel torments were added to his sufferings at the stake. A thing made like a firkin, filled with tar, was placed over his head, and the fire being unskilfully made, and also drawn to and fro by a strong wind, he endured dreadful agony. But he was faithful unto death; and with the crown of life in view beyond the narrow stream,

he could rejoice inasmuch as he was a partaker of Christ's suffering.

Another remarkable circumstance connected with Chester is related by Taylor in his "Memorials of English Martyrs." During Queen Mary's reign, Dr. Cole, who was a zealous Romanist, rested at the "Blue Posts," Chester, on his way to Ireland, bearing with him the royal commission to the Lord Deputy of the island to institute proceedings against the Protestant subjects of the country.

It seems that the Mayor of Chester, also zealous in the same cause, waited on the Doctor during his visit, and in the course of conversation the Doctor took out of a cloak-bag a leather box, saying, "Here is that rod which will lash the heretics of Ireland," alluding to the royal commission which the box contained.

Mistress Edwards, the landlady of the Blue Posts, had apparently sharp ears, for she overheard the words used, and being a stout Protestant herself, and having a brother of like mind in Dublin, she determined to outwit the Doctor. With great presence of mind, as soon as the Mayor left the

room, and Dr. Cole had ceremoniously attended him to the door, the good Mistress Edwards entered the Doctor's apartments, took out the commission, and in its place put a pack of cards wrapped up in paper. The Doctor coming up, and suspecting nothing, took the box, and going to the water-side—wind and weather serving him—he set sail for Ireland.

The landlady must have been very anxious until her guest had safely departed, and she heard of the vessel having quitted Whiteinch, the place of embarkation for Ireland.

In due time the Doctor arrived at Dublin, and the Lord-Deputy ordered him to appear before himself and the Privy Council. The box was opened by the secretary, when, instead of a royal commission, a pack of cards was found with the knave of clubs lying uppermost!

Nothing, of course, could be done without a commission, and Dr. Cole had to return to England for another.

It was in those days a long and tedious journey; and before a fresh commission could

be obtained, indeed while Dr. Cole waited for a fair wind at the water-side, Queen Mary's hand lay cold in death.

Elizabeth, her successor, was so delighted with the story, that she granted the brave woman Mistress Edwards a pension of fifty pounds a year, a large sum for those times.

The old Blue Posts inn is now one of the principal shops in Chester in Bridge Street Row, a short distance from St. Peter's Church; and the room where Dr. Cole left the precious budget which Mistress Edwards abstracted was to be seen there a few years ago.\*

---

\* The above facts are found among the MSS. of Sir James Ware, copied from the papers of Richard, Earl of Cork.





**WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.**

---

Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth,  
**MATTHEW FROST, CARRIER ; or, Little Snowdrop's  
Mission.**

---

Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth,  
**STELLAFONT ABBEY ; or, Nothing New.**

---

16mo, 1s. 6d. cloth,  
**GRACE BUXTON ; or, The Light of the House.**

---

16mo, 1s. 6d. cloth,  
**THREE LITTLE SISTERS.**

---

16mo, 1s. 6d. cloth,  
**THREE LITTLE BROTHERS.**

---

16mo, 1s. cloth,  
**DAISY BRIGHT.**

---

16mo, 1s. cloth,  
**THE LITTLE PEATCUTTERS ; or, The Song of Love.**

---

16mo, 1s. cloth,  
**PRIMROSE ; or, The Bells of Old Effingham.**

---

16mo, 1s. cloth,  
**TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY : A Story of Summer and  
Winter Holidays.**

---

16mo, 1s. cloth,  
**BETWEEN THE CLIFFS.**

## THE GOLDEN LADDER SERIES.

Uniform in size and binding, mostly with Coloured  
Illustrations.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

---

1. THE GOLDEN LADDER : Stories illustrative of  
the Eight Beatitudes. By SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.
2. THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD. By SUSAN WARNER.
3. QUEECHY. By the Same.
4. MELBOURNE HOUSE. By the Same.
5. DAISY. By the Same.
6. DAISY IN THE FIELD. By the Same.
7. THE OLD HELMET. By the Same.
8. NETTIE'S MISSION : Stories illustrative of the  
Lord's Prayer. By JULIA MATHEWS.
9. GLEN LUNA ; or, Dollars and Cents. By ANNA  
WARNER.
10. DRAYTON HALL : Stories illustrative of the Beati-  
tudes. By JULIA MATHEWS.
11. WITHOUT AND WITHIN. A New England  
Story.

THE GOLDEN LADDER SERIES—*continued.*

12. VINEGAR HILL STORIES: Illustrative of the Parable of the Sower. By ANNA WARNER.
13. LITTLE SUNBEAMS. By JOANNA MATHEWS.
14. WHAT SHE COULD, AND OPPORTUNITIES. By SUSAN WARNER.
15. TRADING, AND THE HOUSE IN TOWN.
16. DARE TO DO RIGHT. By JULIA MATHEWS.
17. HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS. By the Author of "Within and Without."
18. GIVING HONOUR. Containing "The Little Camp on Eagle Hill," and "Willow Brook." Tales illustrating the Lord's Prayer. By SUSAN WARNER.
19. GIVING SERVICES. Containing "Sceptres and Crowns," and "The Flag of Truce." By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World."
20. GIVING TRUST. Containing "Bread and Oranges," and "The Rapids of Niagara." By SUSAN WARNER.
21. WYCH HAZEL. A Tale. By SUSAN and ANNA WARNER.
22. THE GOLD OF CHICKAREE. A Sequel. By the Same.
23. DIANA. By SUSAN WARNER.
24. MY DESIRE. By the Same.

## HOME AND SCHOOL SERIES.

Small crown, with Illustrations, each 1s. 6d. extra cloth.

1. AMOS FAYLE ; or, Through the Wilderness into a Wealthy Place. By Mrs. PROSSER.
2. RUNNING AWAY, AND HOW THE WANDERER WAS WELCOMED HOME.
3. STORIES OF THE LAND WE LIVE IN. By WILLIAM LOCKE.
4. A RAY OF LIGHT TO BRIGHTEN COTTAGE HOMES. By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam."
5. THE STORY OF AN OLD POCKET BIBLE, as Related by Itself. By ROBERT COX, A.M.
6. ASHTON COTTAGE ; or, The True Faith.
7. MARJORY. By Mrs. MARSHALL.
8. COURAGE AND COWARDS ; or, Who was the Bravest? By the Author of "The Maiden of the Iceberg."
9. AGATHA LEE'S INHERITANCE. By Mrs. M. R. HIGHAM, Author of "The Other House."
10. ALICE L'ESTRANGE'S MOTTO. By R. HUME.
11. NIDWORTH, AND HIS THREE MAGIC WANDS. By Mrs. PRENTISS.
12. FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH ; or, Susan and Claude of the Val Pelice.

---

LONDON : JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.









